SIDNEY KATZ REPORTS ON

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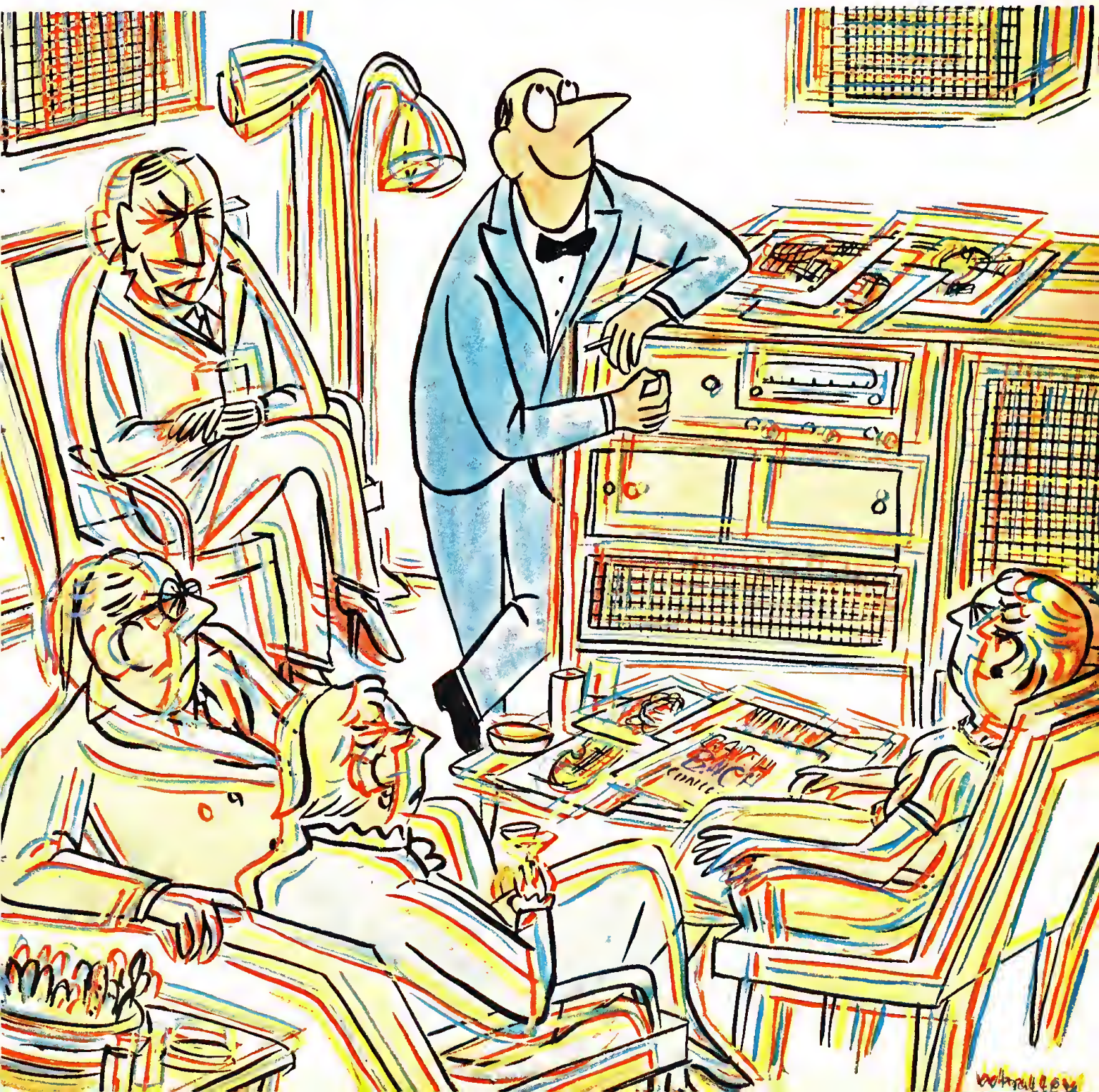
COVER BY PETER WHALLEY

Canada should get out of the Arctic—Attlee

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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- Scientists can drop rainstorms on a dime
- You'll be seeing more of TV's ugliest actor

PRECISE CONTROL OF WEATHER will move nearer man's grasp with a recent discovery by McGill University's Stormy Weather Group scientists. They've found precipitation doesn't form in all parts of a storm cloud but only in isolated "pockets." Commercial rainmakers who seed clouds with silver iodide sometimes fail because they miss these pockets. Now says physicist K. L. S. Gunn, "we'll be able to empty rain clouds over farms and power dams where water is needed and keep heavy snowfalls away from cities where they're an expensive nuisance."

CAREER-GIRLS AND MOTHERS who bemoan cracking patent-leather shoes can look forward to a new synthetic resin finish with a life of 100,000 flexes (roughly 100 times more flexible than the old linseed varnish shine) being pioneered by A. R. Clarke & Co.—Canada's only patent leather manufacturer. In the new process the resin is sprayed rather than painted on the tanned cowhide.



PHILLIPS

UGLY MAN TO WATCH is TV actor Leo Phillips. Now in his third year with the CBC he pops up in supporting parts about once a week; usually is an enemy soldier (Foto's The Iron Heart, Mar. 17) or a punch-drunk boxer (Wayne and Shuster, Mar. 10). In Britain he was a boxer—the "Blond Tiger," Midlands welterweight champion for six years. He's played in 10 movies (Treasure Island, The Cruel Sea) got his first CBC job his second day in Canada. One difficulty: "If I let my hair grow I'd starve. It makes me handsome."

NEWEST ANTI-FOREST FIRE WEAPON is the "drilling mud" used in oil wells. Alberta firefighters used it first "on the spur of the moment" last summer; it was so effective they're considering it for *all* this year's fires. A mixture of earth and chemicals the mud is used to line drill-holes and lubricate bits. For firefighting it's dusted dry from helicopters. "It's as good as any spray we've used," says Lands and Forest Minister Norman Willmore. And cheaper.

CANADIAN CURLERS, who whipped Scotland's best at Edinburgh this spring, may soon break their game's last connection with its homeland. Curling rocks, now entirely imported from Scotland, will soon be turned out here. B.C. geologists have found a pocket of granite hard enough to make the rocks. It's the first in Canada. And a Calgary firm is working on a process to make rocks from plastic and ground glass. Prices, now about $60 a matched pair, will probably drop.

ROYALTY WILL VISIT CROCUS, SASK. this June—at least in a play by the mythical town's inventor, W. O. Mitchell. Mitchell's Jake and the Kid (Maclean's, CBC) will be among the characters involved in the fictional furor. There's also a touch of racial intolerance centring on Moses Leibhand. Crocus Indian. The play will open at the University of Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee. Canada's Bernie Braden says he wants it for London in the fall. Probable Moses Leibhand: Saskatoon-born TV actor (Gunsmoke, Wyatt Earp) Scott Peters.



MITCHELL

WATCH FOR A BOOK CLUB for Canadian readers this autumn. It's being organized by a Toronto group headed by Peter Martin, 1955-56 president of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. Chairman of the board is J. Robey Kidd, director of the Association for Adult Education. The club will offer Canadian books and books about Canada at a 20 or 25 percent discount. Martin told Maclean's:

AN ATOMIC GENERATOR no bigger than a man's hat may soon be providing electrical power along the DEWline. By directly converting heat into electricity it can do the work of 1,458 pounds of batteries. The first unit cost $30 million including its plutonium fuel—but quantity production, says the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission which developed it, would reduce the price to $200, including the fuel.

ROYAL TOUR WORRY:

Will richest Queen's Plate produces s princs's yswn?



HRH SITS COLTS TO THE RACES
Harold Phillip prefers TV

FOR MORE than 27,000 racing fans jammed into Toronto's plush New Woodbine track the Queen's Plate will probably be the high spot of this summer's royal tour. Reasons:

- It's the 100th anniversary of the continent's oldest race.
- It's only the second time in history a reigning monarch has presented the traditional $6 gunea to the first. George VI during his 1939 visit.
- It will be the richest race ever run in Canada a record entry will swell the purse to well over $70,000.
- Since major U.S. stakes are run on Saturdays the Tuesday date (June 10) will allow the continent's top jockeys—Arcaro, Hartack, Shoemaker, Longden and Rogers—to ride.
- The Queen's an ardent fan. Last year her stable won $125,000 tops in Britain. She's the first monarch to run a money-making stable. Most of her free afternoons are spent at British courses. She's an expert on bloodlines.

But for one spectator the Plate may be this summer's most exciting race. Prince Philip doesn't like races except on occasions of state he seldom assents names Elizabeth to the track. He prefers polo, fishing and cricket. Last year during an ultra-fashionable Ascot meeting, he flicked on the royal box's TV set to watch a cricket match. A palace source told Maclean's: "The prince is not a racing fan."

The Jockey Club (name freshly changed from the Ontario Jockey Club) will lay out every red carpet. The royal couple will sweep round the track in a landau escorted by a squadron of pinkish Governor-General's Horse Guards to the erected clubhouse box used only for royal or vice-regal visits. They will then visit the paddock to see Plate entries. After presenting the guineas they'll leave for Ottawa.

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COLLEGE PROSPECTUS:

Fess up / New ssurss

JUST WRAPPING UP their busiest year ever Canada's universities are already laying plans for next. Here are some of the advances: September's 40,000 freshmen—about 15% more than 1958's record class—can expect:

- Higher fees. At least five universities will hike tuition prices. British Columbia by about $100 a session; Hamilton's McMaster and Toronto about 10%, and Assumption (Windsor) and New Brunswick have also announced increases. Carleton probably will. Most expensive undergrad tuition in Canada: medicine at Toronto—$600 a year.
- New buildings. To meet booming enrolment in the applied sciences, new engineering buildings will be opened at Western Ontario, McMaster, McGill, McMaster will also unveil the biggest nuclear reactor outside Chalk River. New Brunswick will break ground for four new buildings. UBC will open three new residences. Dalhousie and Toronto will have new dental buildings.
- New courses. McGill will add a Department of Meteorology and strings the name of its Institute of International Air Law in the Institute of Air and Space Law. Western Ontario, Queen's and Ottawa will offer law degrees. New Brunswick's course in training Ottawa will open an electronic language lab.
- More sports. Western Intercollegiate Football inactive since 1949 will reopen Sept. 9 at Saskatchewan. Look for an all-Canadian college hockey playoff. Assumption University will add a course in judo.—CAROL CHAPMAN

NEW BUOGET BLUES?

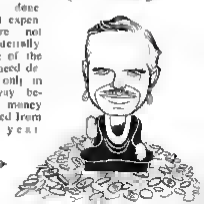
Forecest. Ssiss taxee up

WHEN UNSMITING, whip-stiff Donald Fleming, rises in the House of Commons later this month to read his budget speech he'll have some bad news for Canadian taxpayers.

Predicting the contents of the finance minister's budget is made especially difficult this year because Fleming is hedged in by restrictions which have confronted few of his predecessors. Both Conservative election campaigns stressed that Ottawa was already overtaxing Canadians. But Fleming must pay the bills to make his boss's Vision come true.

From talking with the most influential government economists and analyzing the current financial situation of the country, Maclean's predicts:

- The budget will be a drill one containing no major increases in personal or corporation income tax. At the same time, there'll be some fiddly provisions which will raise what individuals and companies have to pay, probably by as much as 3%. These are expected to include refinancing of the Old Age Security Fund which has piled up a $158-million deficit.
- Canadians can also expect an outright warning that unless the country's business climate improves radically during 1959 taxes will be raised drastically in the next budget.
- There will likely be some upward revisions of sales and excise tax rates—the source of 40% of the government's income. This will not include any increase in the tax on automobiles. But it's left in putting higher taxes on other luxury items—TV sets and beer, for instance—would help curb spending thus aid the fight against inflation.
- Some economists predict Canada's gross national product will rise by as much as 10% in 1959. Fleming's additions in expenditures will be $160 million for the new hospital insurance scheme and the proposed $200 million subsidy to compensate for the increase in freight rates. Although some cutting has been done, government expenditures are not driven indefinitely. The killing of the Arrow reduced defense bills only in a minor way because that money was budgeted from year to year.



FLEMING →
Taxes will tax his wisdom

BACKSTAGE

IN WEST GERMANY WITH BLAIR FRASER

BONN'S ARMAMENT POLICY:

Is it a lesson for Canada?



CANADIANS signing whether we ought to produce our own nuclear guided missiles or nuclear submarines may be interested in West German policy on this point.

With a population over fifty million and one of the world's biggest and best industrial plants, West Germany has decided not to produce any big arms. Franz Josef Strauss, German defense minister said "We have no plans to make heavy weapons—the run would be too small. We shall make our own small arms up to twenty millimetres and ammunition up to forty millimetres but nothing beyond that. We get our naval artillery from France, our torpedoes from the U S and Britain, field artillery and aircraft from the United States and so on.

"We have considered going in with France on joint production of anti-tank guns but no final decision has been taken yet. In any case we shall not have and do not want a self-supporting German armaments industry.

In Germany's case of course there are special reasons for this. West Germans know too well not only their own enemies but Western friends would be alarmed if Germany went into heavy armament production again. So indeed would many Germans.

During my ten day visit to the Federal Republic more than one man has said in casual conversation "Even I, a German, would not like to see German militarism revived." Strauss didn't mention this angle though he showed quite clearly he was aware of it and almost certainly shares in the fear of the old militarist spirit.

Canada's sovereignty argument—that we must make some major arms in order to set national identity work in reverse in Germany—people know this is one aspect of nationhood that they must forgo.

But Strauss did bring up another point that is partly relevant to Canadian defence problems. A German supply system meant for military sense, he said. "If all out war comes to Europe Germany will be the battlefield. Production here will be impossible—so why begin it?

Canadians might argue that this point too works in reverse on our continent and that the United States for its own safety should have arms production well north of its main targets.

But in another respect what the problem is similar in both countries. Germans have taken the exact opposite of the Canadian position. This is the employment factor. Germany, like Canada, has had a slight recession during the past year and at the end of the winter had seven percent of its labor force unemployed.

Nevertheless inflation still looks to German economists like the main threat and they have no wish to launch any sunk major new capital development as a heavy armament industry. "It helps to stabilize our economy that we buy our arms abroad," said one government economist. "If we spent that money on weapons at home it would be directly inflationary."

This is a country where consumer price levels have been wholly stable from 1957 until recent months when they began to drop slightly. It is also a country where as one central banker said "We were very brutal trying to restrain the boom of 1955-56." The bank rate which had been three percent in early 1955 went up to five and a half in mid 1956 and the interest rate on long term loans went as high as eight percent.

If the same thing happened in Canada prices of government bonds would be cut to little more than half of par for the time being.

We talked some ephemeral in the capital market this same banker remarked in calm understatement that made Canadian listeners gasp. "Many capital projects had to be postponed especially building plans by municipalities and so forth. However by the autumn of 1956 relaxation began as the boom flowed down and within one year the long-term interest rate dropped from eight to five percent.

That was tight money with a vengeance enough to make investors scream as loudly as labor unions.

Obviously any government tough enough thus to let nature take its course wouldn't worry about employment lost by buying arms from other countries. Strauss however said nothing to indicate that economic factors had affected German military policy one way or the other. He was asked why Germany was buying the American supersonic fighter F 104 had there been any pressure from American aircraft industry or American government?

"Not at all" he said. "It was an absolutely free decision though a difficult one—it took us twenty months to make up our minds. We can't get delivery of F 104s before late 1961 so we had to weigh the need for manned aircraft between 1962 and 1966.

Why 1966? What did he think would happen then?

"Nothing special. It's just that we figure five years as the effective life of any combat aircraft. We are sure we shall need some manned aircraft during that period and as far ahead as we can see—they'll always be needed for close support of ground troops for example—but we had to appraise what their precise role would be. We in Germany cannot afford to use different types for individual missions. We had to look for an all purpose aircraft or at least one that could be developed for all three functions—interception close support of troops and fighter bomber mission. There were other suggestions but they would have cost more or taken longer or both and we felt that the better solution was the enemy of the good—in other words we settled for the F 104.

Had he heard about Canada's Avro Arrow?

"Certainly we studied the Arrow. Much too heavy."

Then realizing perhaps he had sounded a bit tactless Strauss went on. "It's a wonderful aircraft but we need one somewhat lighter and also less expensive. We have to aim at a zero launching and landing because German airfields are no longer operational in war. We must plan on using our Autobahns like great cement highways which are part of Hitler's less useful legacies to his people) or open turf for take offs and landings. There would be no hope of keeping German airfields in repair after the first few hours."

But if it made so much military and economic sense to buy arms abroad wouldn't it be equally sensible to use soldiers from bases where they are cheaper? What for example was the use of keeping a Canadian brigade on German soil? Ah that was a different matter entirely. More than military considerations were involved. It's not only that they are excellent soldiers." Strauss explained. "Canada represents not only military but also political and moral force. You are known as a non aggressive country. Even though you have been involved twice in world wars. Hitler started the second one because he thought Canada and countries like Canada would not come in. That mistake must not be made again. So keeping Canadian troops here, though it may make no sense for winning a war once it has started, makes a lot of sense in preventing one."

What he said about Canada applies of course with even more urgency to American and British troops in Europe—Canada's brigade is just one component of the British Army of the Rhine. Keeping these contingent forces there indefinitely though involves special problems that don't occur to the casual onlooker. Not only Canadians describe the Canadian brigade as the best NATO troops now in arms—but the tribute isn't quite as admiring as it sounds. Of course your troops are the best we've got—they should be. They be?" an Englishman said recently to a Canadian in Germany. "Your chaps are professionals. I only hope to Heaven that some day Britain can go back to a small professional army too."

Paradoxically conscripts get more training than volunteers to keep them happy. On a ski weekend in the Swiss Alps I met a young American lieutenant sitting in the bright spring sunshine on top of Jacobshorn with his pretty wife he explained that they were just finishing an eight-day ski holiday that third of the winter.

"Nice work if you can get it." I said.

The lieutenant's grin was a little sheepish. "I get a hundred and twenty days a year and by adjusting weekends I can stretch it to a hundred and forty" he said. "It will sure feel strange when I'm back in the States next year having to work."

Why not volunteer for another hitch in the army? What could be better than this?

The young man shook his head. "Some of my friends have done that—one guy I knew bet been in for eight years. He skis and skis, he takes a month every summer for skin diving, he has a wonderful time all the time. But damn it a man has to have some sense of direction I don't feel I'm really doing anything. If you're a real professional soldier that's different but we're not. I don't want to spend my whole life and end up like some of our colonels doing nothing but wait for retirement at fifty."

The boy made a lot of sense but he also made me wonder how much use that type of re-enlistment would be if trouble did break out. ★



Making their own heavy arms doesn't make sense to West Germans



KING BABAR — *They're skating . . .*

QUEEN CELESTE — *. . . to greater fame.*

BACKSTAGE

WITH CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Where are the favorites of yesteryear? Here's how librarians describe changing tastes

REMEMBER TOM SWIFT? The Wizard of Oz? The Bobbsey Twins? If you'd like your children to meet any of these characters you'll probably have to *tell* them about them. In most Canadian libraries they're no longer on the shelves. Here's what Maclean's in an informal poll of librarians, discovered about the changing pattern of children's reading:

Tom Swift: Edison's greatest invention (Flying Machine, Electric Rifle, Air Ship) has disappeared from the shelves of all metropolitan libraries.

Oz: The wonderful Wizard is available only in St. John's and Edmonton. A Toronto librarian said, "We believe that Oz's books have an invention rather than fantasy." But Toronto's Public Library keeps a copy of The Wizard in a back room for parents who insist on reading it to their children.

Bobbsey Twins books are stocked only in Halifax and Montreal.

The Hardy Boys: The British adventure series considered too old fashioned for today's youngsters is not stocked.

What are children reading? Some books are honoring classics.

Anne of Green Gables is stocked in all libraries. "They're among our most popular"—and rightly so"—said Montreal children's librarian Phoebe Stewart. Toronto stocks the original but doesn't consider the sequels "worth shelf space."

Dr. Doolittle was mentioned by librarians in Halifax, Regina, Calgary, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Babar: This translated from the French series about the King of the Elephants is popular every where. Laurent De Brunhoff son of Babar's creator has added new books to the collection.



BOBBSEY TWINS: *They've sunk.*

Freddy Books: First published in 1927 this series about farm animals (Freddy's a pig) is now most popular among 8-10-year-olds.

Also popular are the Ransome books (except in Regina). Canadian's Maggie Muggins (especially In Newfoundland). Curious George. The Moffats, Alice in Wonderland and the Dr. Seuss picture books. G. A. Henty books are now requested mostly by fathers.

Most popular author on A. A. Milne (Winnie the Pooh). E. B. White, Beatrix Potter and Dr. Seuss—Lear name Theodor Geisel.

Librarians agree that television has stimulated interest in reading, particularly history and books about other lands. New Canadian parents look for Dickens or Dumas rather than children's writers. There's a heavy demand for books on science or outer space but still not too good a supply.

Not all children want the best. One 12 year-old asked a Toronto librarian for "a book that's not too good. I have to study. It's too good I'll want to read it."

—DOROTHY SANGSTER

Backstage WITH BRITAIN'S EASY MONEY / Can Canadians share?

TO TEN MILLION Britons, venturing from sixpence up in the football pools—and dreaming of payoffs as high as £300,000 (or predicting results in a weekly habit as deeply ingrained as taking a bath.

Many of these punters have emigrated to Canada where lotteries are illegal. (British law says football pools are games of skill—ours says they're luck.) Do they stop?

While none of the pools firms will release statistics there's strong evidence that many British-Canadians have found ways to dodge around postal regulations.

Most betting here is carried out through friends or relatives in the U K. A weekly football pool matched in Britain's five professional football divisions is mailed out in pools envelope. The friend translates it to a plain wrapper forwards it to Canada. The bettor makes his choices. There are dozens of ways to play pick which fourni will draw at forecast virtually any combination of wins. Prizes vary by the difficulty of selection. Many regular players apply advanced mathematics. A plain envelope goes back to England. If the Canadian wins, he's paid off through his British contact.

Unknowingly biggest of the British pools, told Maclean's their dealings with Canadian bettors are treated as a "private business arrangement." British emigrants who ask about continuing to play in Canada receive a letter from Sherman's Pools. "If you let us have the address of a relative we shall be only too happy to let you have a supply of coupons."

A Canada House official says "Several thousand Canadians are playing. If anyone wins big money he'll get it all right."

Another form of lottery with 8 million British participants is the premium government bond—also illegal for Canadians. They're sold in lots of up to £500. Each £1 bond gives one chance in three monthly draw performed by an "Electronic Random Number Indicator"—called ERNIE. One prize of £1 000 and 246 others down to £25 are awarded. The bonds can be cashed any time for full purchased value.

Canadians buy them through British banks. More than a thousand have. Ronald Robinson of the bonds office told Maclean's: Last year a Nova Scotian man won £1 000 ($2 685).

While they might collect on bonds few Canadians could hit top jackpots in the pools say the British because of the expert knowledge of football required. But last year the winner of £200 000 was an inmate of a Lancaster mental institution.—F. E. S. PORTER

Backstage

WITH THE BEATNIKS



Is there a "scene" in Canada?

In these cities anyway, man . . .

FROM FLAPPERS to zoot suiters to bearded boppers most U S cults fashions and social aberrations have spread eventually to Canada. Now it's the Beatniks—bohemian members of the Beat Generation.

Who are they? Young men and women in their twenties and early thirties.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURES. For girls, long hair, heavy eye shadow, white make-up no lipstick, for men shaggy hair cut, straggly beards.

DRESS. For girls black leotards black turtle-necks for men corduroy trousers, sweatshirts, sandals.

HABITAT. Espresso cafés in New York San Francisco New Orleans and Denver.

LANGUAGE. A Beatnik group is a "scene," a place to sleep a "pad." Sentences generally begin with "like" and end with "man."

PASTIMES. Writing gloomy poetry painting gloomy pictures drinking coffee thinking gloomy thoughts.

Are there Beatniks in Canada yet?

Pfaolocco Sid Ferre making a move in Toronto called The Yoeng and the Beat found enough Beatniks to cast dozens as themselves though he imported his two leads from New York. The movie's about a "square" girl who falls in love with a Beatnik. In one café scene, Toronto poet Dan Owen reads his own poetry to bongo accompaniment.

My house of horrors rubble of memory
The ten ton burden of the soul's decay
Lumbers my living ruin emptiness.

Across the country Maclean's found these "scenes":

TORONTO. Action centres on the First Floor Club a block down an alley. Its sign is a single blue light bulb. Admission is $1. Patrons drink coffee, listen to jazz. Candles on every table are never lit.

MONTREAL. Three Smoky Street cafés—Pam Pam, Riviera and Carmen—are drawing a Beat clientele. El Cortijo on Clark St. is the most beat. It's a converted basement garage serving espresso coffee to accompaniment of Spanish guitar (often played by patron). One young Montrealer, Armand Vaillancourt has attracted some attention by sculpting dead tree trunks along downtown streets to distract them while dressed in a woolen bathing suit.

VANCOUVER. A few Beatniks lurk in dark corners at the Mediterranean and Artists' Club—called the Cellar. *Avant garde* poetry is occasionally read between sets of *avant garde* jazz. One set plays such as William Saroyan's Hello Out There have been presented. The Black Spot sports low wooden benches along bare walls but caters to a younger crowd. UBC English professor William Tallman a Beat literature authority says "There are few here I'm for them."

In VICTORIA there's one club called the Scene.

Will the Beat Generation become a permanent institution? Not likely. A Toronto poet told Maclean's "It's not bear to be beat. Like too popular man."

Background

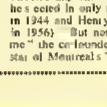
QUEBEC FACE-LIFTING?

Ceramic murals by young Montreal designer Claude Vermette are already brightening entire walls on buildings as diverse as Montreal school Bain Comeau churches and the foyer of Yousuf Karsh's photo studio in Ottawa. New two developments make Vermette believe he may eventually change much of Quebec's civic lane. 1) a formula after years of experiment for Canadian clay tiles "impervious to weather and far cheaper than imported clays" and 2) the enthusiastic collaboration of architects like Arnold Hilsey & Templeton who incorporated abstracts by Vermette into the design of Montreal's new international airport.

DISTAFF CLIPPERS

The ben-peeked male may be losing his last place of refuge, women barbers once rare are now working in Toronto, Kitchener and Hamilton Ont. and others have applied for jobs in the west. Fewer men are applying for apprenticeship. "Two years may be too long," says the Canadian Barbers Association. Men prefer factory jobs." Barber Milly Zeidini told Maclean's. "Women are better barbers anyway."

OTHELLO A LA GASCON



le tout-noir

First nighters at Stratford's Othello this summer who've never seen the tragedy before will have company backstage—director Jean Gascon admits he's never seen Othello either. What's more he's never directed any Shakespeare play and he's acted in only two (Twelfth Night in 1944 and Henry V at Stratford in 1956). But none of that worries me" the co-founder director and star of Montreal's Théâtre de Nouveau Monde told Maclean's. "I've been reading the script. I'll have to change all my habits. It's exciting."

DOES PRAYER WORK?

Looking for a new answer to an age-old question—is prayer a demonstrable force? — U S minister Franklin Loehr has been conducting experiments on potted plants. A university chemistry graduate Loehr fed prayer groups to speed growth of mung bean seeds and sweet peas. He'll publish a book 1Doubledeyl this spring. Long term trend: "About two out of three times, the plants we prayed for earned out ahead." Some growth was retarded by praying for its failure. Loehr says

Editorial

THE NEWFOUNDLAND STRIKE: SO FAR NOBODY'S ALL RIGHT

UNTIL A GREAT MANY conflicting reports have been straightened out we don't see how any open minded person can have a very strong opinion on the loggers strike in Newfoundland and the intervention of Premier Joey Smallwood. There is of course a ready and familiar choice of opinions.

Either (a) the exploited loggers went on strike in an effort to improve their disgraceful wages hours and general working conditions. Thereupon with the help of a co-operative premier and a servile legislature their employers set out to crush their lawful union.

Or (b) the arrogant American-dominated goon-run union tried to use terror and criminal violence to force its will on an important industry and on entire province. Thereupon fearless little Joey Smallwood sensing a threat to liberty and democracy itself called upon the full majesty of the law and the strong right arm of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Either of these propositions is easily supported by such of the *facts* as have emerged thus far.

We are not yet ready to select our side. But we've reached one interim conclusion. Those who have denounced Smallwood's intervention as an act of "interference" which is to be deplored regardless of its nature are talking through their hats. Those who accuse the RCMP of inviding rights and violating sacred ground just do not understand the process of law and order. It is unfortunate that they seem to include in their ranks Justice Minister Fulton, whose refusal to permit Commissioner Nicholson of the RCMP to reinforce his men in Newfoundland led to the commissioner's resignation.

For far too many years our governmental agencies — federal, provincial and municipal — have been far too reluctant to enforce the simple letter of the law in industrial disturbances. They have watched docilely while picket lines turned themselves into besieging armies and gangs of thugs denied peaceable citizens the right of access to their places of employment. Our governments have kept hands off while hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property have been wrecked, millions of dollars worth of production have been lost, scores of skulls have been cracked.

For too many years our police forces admittedly following the example and often the orders of governments have felt obliged to stay out of sight rather than run the risk of "provoking" violence by discharging their duty to suppress and combat violence. This duty to suppress and combat violence does not include interfering with peaceable picket lines. But it does include interfering with unpeaceable picket lines just as surely as it includes interfering with unpeaceable activities anywhere else.

Premier Smallwood's outlawing of the International Woodworkers of America may well be proved, when the evidence is in on both sides, to have been an unwarranted invasion of the rights of labor. But his participation in the dispute, once law and order became an issue, was not unwarranted. Governments exist to govern and police forces exist to enforce the law. The point has been overlooked or allowed to go by default in far too many strikes already.

Mailbag

- Should a juror take a drink?
- Has Social Credit an answer to unemployment?
- The med men aren't dead yet

WHAT KIND of character has a man who deliberately goes against known rules for losers—a man supposed to have ability to nonsidni pros and nons of a nnrdni case? Hn himself does what is wrong yet is in judge a wrong donn by another. I refer to Kon Mallray (I Served on a Maidni Imy Feb 14) smuggling whisky in his suitcase and to his evident glen at thn overturning of the separating screen by another inrot nl irresponsible nharac tcl.—M. M. LAINE, TORONTO.

The Secreds' formula

"Nobody has a formula for dealing with inflation and unemployment at one and the same time." (Editorial, Feb. 14). Macleans is fully aware that Social Cmd i has zon. Yann readers are adult and should be given the opportunity to consider thot formula.—F. V. HATTERSLEY, EDMONTON.

Treasures in trust

I wnnld like to correct a statement made by Mnrjorie Earl in her otherwise intnresting article on the Dnkn of Bedford (Jan. 3). The National Trust is not "... a govnrnmrnt agency created to relinve aristocrats of the costly treasures of national interest." Thn trust was actually started by three enlightened people in thn 1890s, prnmipally to preserve open spaces which were rapidly being used for building purposes.—MISS PATRICIA RUDY, NORTH WEST RIVER, LABRADOR.

Redncing machines (cone.)

Never mind who's headwinking who, if anybody, about thn Stanfnrd systnm. [Can you Lead youn Way to a Bettnr Figurn? Jan. 31.] Results are mere to the point. You should see my wifn! Best dnmn hundred dollars I ever spent.—ARTHUR HAILEY, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

On Waterloo Row

Lawrence Earl stnles [Mdnn Wordell's Tempestuous Lovn Affnir with thn Mountmes Feb. 28] that Wardell "lives in a modest three-room apartment on Regnnt Street." Although he may maintnin such an npartment, Mr. Wardell lives in one of thn largnst houses on Waterloo Row. THE rnsidential area lor prosperous or pompous nnrner mnn.—F. F. BALL, FREDRICTON.

Sexick remedy

Why did sexick people [Stnker Mnhonny and Pill No. 2,183, Feb. 14] have to suffer during thn war or any other timn? Cnnndn put out an nscellent remedy fifty ynars ngo undnr the name of Motherall. I and nnmtless Europeans have had occnsion to be mighty thnnkful for snch relinf.—MRS. A. WOTHERSPOON COLLIN'S BAY, ONT.

TV's med men

I read with pleasure Thomas P. Kelley's splendid artnln (My Dad was King of thn Medicnn Mnn Mnn, 14). I rnmnmber "mnd men" showing in our Nova Scotia villnge in the late Eighties. The names of thnir remedies, Kickapoo Indian Tonic and Rattlesnnkn Oil, still persist in my memory. But I dlfnn with the statement that med shows are now dnfnnct. One cannot tnnn in to any television program without being assailed by some nonounnnt inling with leather lungs and brazen throat thn magical properties of his nostrum. thn nfficncy of his washing compound and thn miracles performed by thnir secret ingredient nestrol or nrnlo—as secret thny were never heard of by chemist or pharmncist.—E. E. MACK, VANCOUVER.



Religion and superstition

Prof. N. J. Berrill starts his argument [Religious Bnlnfs mustn't shackln Hnman Welfare, Feb. 28] with a nnjtnism of Jnhovah's Wnnesses nbont blood trnnsfnsions and ends it with an nlarmed nnncern for world ovnrpopnlntion. It should not be ovnrlnoked that God's command to ont first parents to "multiply" was limnnd to filling thn narth. In God's own dun timn and way this Inncnsn of humans will nnase.—MRS. N. SCHUBKS, SUDBURY, ONT.

✔ ... but the point ... timely.—MRS. STELLA SHAEFER, SMITHS FALLS, ONT.

✔ Berrill's artinle in yonr issue of Feb. 28 is just sheer nonsense. It is paradoxical that hn should nttack thn Witnesses for letting people dn by denying medinal aid and on thn other hand thn Catholic Church is stanked for protecting the unborn. I do not wish to nntnr into argument with this zoologist but as a Catholic I would just like you to know that I think he has holes in his head.—EAMON MURPHY, MAPLE WOOD P.E.I., P.C.

We take a bow

You are doing an outstanding job and deserve every possible congratulation. I do not agnin with all your writers in all parnnnlars but I find thnir viewpoints interesting and refreshing. It seems to me you could establish a tremendous nnwstand sub in the U.S. if you nared to make the effort.—E. J. BEARE, TORONTO.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 35

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T MISS



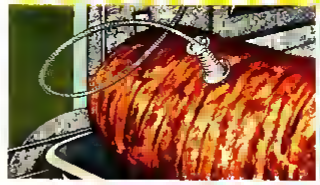
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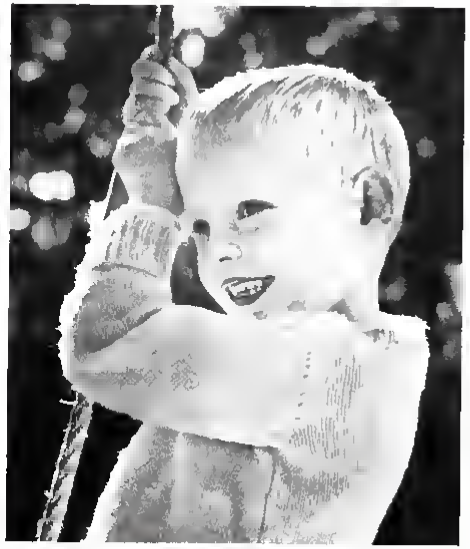
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If you are under 40, see that you too are inoculated. Polio is not limited to children in Canada: in 1957, 35% of cases and 61% of deaths occurred among those over 20 years of age.

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THE COVER

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For the sake of argument



CLEMENT ATTLEE SAYS

Canada should get out of the Arctic

It is difficult for people who grew up half a century ago to realize how profound the advent of the atomic weapon has altered the whole problem of defense. In the past geographical features such as high mountains, great rivers, deserts or the sea were sufficient to provide nations with a high degree of security. Their absence exposed people to a constant menace. Thus Britain for centuries, given an adequate navy, was safe behind her moat. Countries like Palestine and Belgium became cockpits of war marched over by stronger forces from outside. Poland, lying in an almost featureless plain, never achieved security. Sometimes these natural defenses were reinforced by treaties.

The outstanding example of security by treaty was Canada with its long southern frontier undefended, owing to the wisdom of the statesmen of Britain and the U.S.A. while its northern frontier was defended by the inhospitable polar regions. But nowadays weapons of immense power of destruction can be projected for distances of thousands of miles. The polar regions form no obstacle.

It is therefore not surprising that men are seeking other devices to enable people to dwell in security. National defense is outdated; what is required today is a world authority with power to enforce the keeping of the peace. Despite the United Nations, this has not become an accomplished fact; but this does not mean that there are not immediate steps that could be taken to minimize the danger of war.

One of these is disengagement, an instance of which is the so-called Rapacki plan put forward by a Polish statesman for creating in the heart of Europe a neutralized zone free from atomic weapons.

There is a strong case for this. Where there are frontiers between powerful rivals there is always the danger of incidents fortuitous or planned, leading to war. If the prospective combatants are kept at arm's length by a neutral zone the danger of a clash is lessened. Hence in the past there used to be attempts to set up buffer states guaranteed by the powers. There are of course great difficulties in practice in realizing this concept. There are old animosities in central Europe between Slavs and Germans. There are still latent imperial ambitions and there is a lot of history to be forgotten.

Central Europe may not be the best place to start with this disengagement but there are, it seems to me, two areas, one of which is of special interest to Canada, where a start could be made. They are the arctic and antarctic regions.

Commonwealth has claims

Though there are some small lodgments these great areas are not in effective occupation by any one power. There are various claims to them, some based on exploration, others on proximity, yet others—as it seems to me merely by map projections from territories — a considerable distance from the area in question. The British Commonwealth alone, through Canada, Australia, New Zealand and perhaps the Falkland Islands, has strong claims in both regions which seem to me a good reason why the Commonwealth renouncing its own claims should take the lead in proposing their internationalization. At the present time and so far as one can see into the future, it is unlikely that there will be a great accession of population. The few inhabitants only ask to be left alone. I imagine that they **continued on page 83**

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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

My message from Olympus

There is no denying the fact that when a television network calls you on the telephone it is rather like a message from Olympus. Therefore when my secretary said that ITA (Britain's commercial television network) was on the telephone, I lent a prompt and willing ear.

Would you care to put on a program next Tuesday evening, said a pleasant male voice, and debate with Miss Elaine Burton (an attractive socialist MP) on the subject of whether women have really attained their full rights? The fee will be X pounds."

There is something Olympian about television. It is like being asked to talk with a million people or more, plus the added attraction that they cannot talk back although admittedly they can turn you off or seek some other program more to their taste—or their lack of taste.

But there is nothing Olympian about the fee—at any rate in Britain. They mentioned to me a sum so small that when I suggested that they should double it there was not a moment's hesitation and no wonder!

There is a queer fascination in the disorder of a TV studio, the weird jumble of cable wires, the hot glimming lights, the strange technicians who wander about as if in search for truth, the confusion and the discipline of it all—even to a last dab of talcum powder on one's shining forehead.

Although the conversation between Miss Burton and myself would be entirely unrehearsed there was no harm in having a few prepared thoughts in reserve to give the affair a touch of importance. So I delved into the history of the House of Commons and studied the fascinating story of women's progress through the centuries from their long struggle for equal rights, through to the domination by the female that exists today.

It seems strange that in Britain it was only in the last hundred years—and then after a prolonged struggle—that women began to enter the professions. And it is equally strange to learn that today Britain leads all nations in the percentage of women gainfully employed. I was also interested to discover in my research that ancient Egypt in the period of its power deliberately raised **continued on page 76**



Bevan had his say on women's rights during a television show



Elaine Burton, socialist MP, led the feminine forces against him



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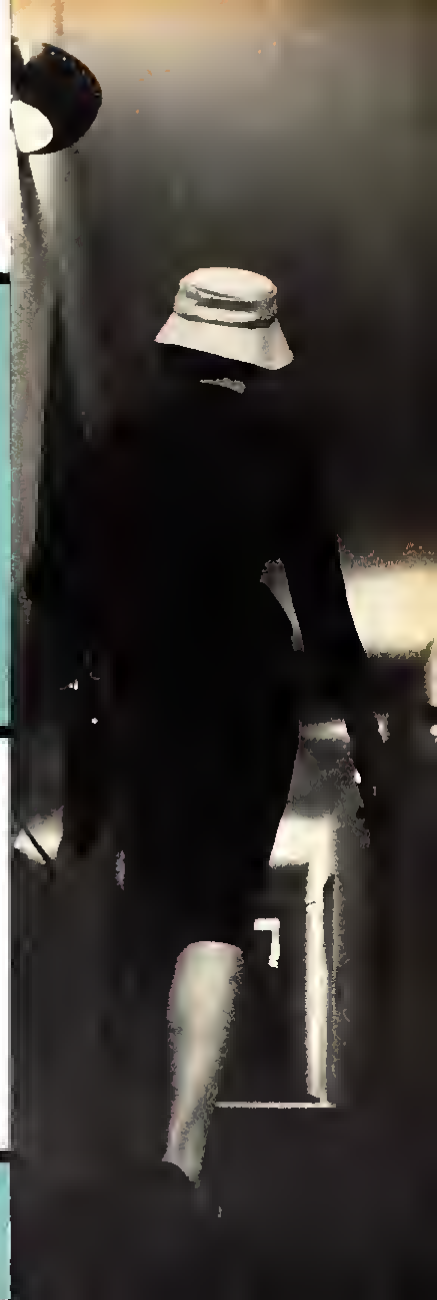
High-priced prostitutes have been surrounded with false glamour by a recent wave of radio, television and newspaper publicity. Now SIDNEY KATZ explores

The sleazy grey world of the call girl

The "call girl," a high-priced prostitute whose customers seek appointments with her by telephone, used to be a shadowy creature, seldom discussed openly. Lately the silence has been broken and she has been brought into public view. Radio and TV commentators have examined her "profession" before audiences of millions. Sociologists and psychiatrists have published detailed accounts of her motivation and attitudes. Congressional committeemen, editorial writers and police officials have commented on her activities and suggested ways of suppressing them.

Her current notoriety seems to refute a conviction police and most social scientists had long held: that prostitution was declining. It also confirms an observation by Dr. A. C. Kinsey in his book, Sexual Behavior in the Human Male: that "the percentage of males in each social level frequenting prostitutes is almost the same as it was in former years."

There is even evidence that the call girl has been hired by business concerns to help them sell goods to reluctant buyers. A recent continued on page 75





Though court work pays more Scott loves to teach

The poet who outfought Duplessis

In his artist wife's studio he relaxes at piano.





Photographs by Sam Tata

No mere props, his books make an appropriate background for this camera study of Frank Scott who is considered the leading Canadian authority on constitutional law

To tangle with Quebec's iron man in his own province is a deed that calls for valor. To lick him is a miracle. A versatile McGill professor named Frank Scott has done it twice. Here's the story of the man who won one of the longest and most stirring courtroom feuds in history

BY KEN LEFOLII

A striking aspect of Canada's devotion to freedom is the occasional eagerness of some Canadians to guard great freedoms by bleeding small liberties. No one places more confidence in this form of protection than Premier Maurice Duplessis of Quebec who strove to save the people of his province from communism by passing the late Padlock Law and to shield them from the "seditious" influence of the Jehovah's Witness sect by, among other things, ordering the chairman of the Quebec Liquor Commission to revoke the liquor license held by a Witness named Frank Roncarelli.

Loaded measures like these raise a couple of loaded questions: when is a law illegal and when does a justice minister (Duplessis also acts as attorney general) abuse justice? Recent events suggest that no one knows the answers better or backs them up with more legal muscle than an agile Quebecker named Frank Scott, who fought both the Padlock Law test and the Roncarelli suit through the courts of Quebec and beat Duplessis both times in the last round before the Supreme Court of Canada.

On Jan. 27 (1959) the day the Supreme Court announced its six-to-three decision to award Roncarelli $33,123 in damages, Frank Scott came back to the McGill University Law School after lunch to find the students in his seminar on constitutional law, along with several of his fellow professors, milling around a magnum of champagne. At the sight of Scott, Professor Maxwell Cohen raised a hand for silence. "I feel a speech coming on," he announced.

"This is one time," Scott interrupted, twirling the champagne bottle, "when you should keep Mumm."

Up went Cohen's glass. "Here's to a man whose only mistake was joining the wrong political party too soon" a reference to Scott's long membership in the leading cadets of the CCF.

"That" Scott shot back at Cohen, a Liberal of comparatively brief standing, "is better than joining the right party too late," and he rolled out the big body-twisting laugh that sooner or later rings through any room Frank Scott walks into.

The gag man in this scene is a figure of national eminence in four separate professions—or three professions and an art—and his verbal horseplay illuminates all of them. Scott is one of the three deans of the Canadian law teaching community (in the words of Professor Bora Laskin of the University of Toronto, the only other expert on constitutional law whose reputation approaches Scott's in that field). By general consent Scott would today be dean in fact, of McGill Law School if he had backed out of his second career, politics, and the controversial commitments of a leading socialist. Scott was the CCF's national chairman between 1942 and 1950 and is at the core of the group that is attempting to rebuild the party on a broader base today. His Supreme Court pleas for Roncarelli continued on page 70

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE APRIL 11 1959



THE RIVERS OF CANADA

First of a new Maclean's series

The high and mighty MACKENZIE

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

Paintings by FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

Cold, aloof and magnificently prodigal, this Nile of the North tolerates and serves man only in its swift summer. Then it retreats into the frozen silence that daunted its discoverer 170 years ago

Friends said to me last summer: 'So you're going to the Mackenzie!' and there was envy and a little wonder in the voices of some of them. Few people in eastern Canada have seen this river, and not one Canadian in a hundred knows what it is really like. But that the Mackenzie is a master stream almost everyone seems to believe, and in this they are right.

Look at the map and see the Mackenzie dominate the whole northwest of the continent. Fly over it and watch it carve through that savage and colossal terrain. Float on it in a canoe and feel it whip you northward like a chip. Travel on the Mackenzie in a tow of barges—walk up front from the roar of the diesels to the steel apron of the foremost barge and sit there gliding out and on into the pastel colors of that vast water and that vast sky. Let the Mackenzie overwhelm you with the grandeur of its monotony, with the immensity of its Siberian silence.

This river is still primeval. Its shoals and currents may be known by the handful of pilots who navigate them, but to the outside world the entire Mackenzie region is as remote as was the St. Lawrence to Europeans of the eighteenth century. We know it is there, we know it is enormous, we know it is splendid,

continued over page



DEWline station pokes weird shapes into green arctic sky at Tuktoyaktuk where the Mackenzie joins Beaufort Sea

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY MACKENZIE
continued



Leaning grave markers and white churches fascinated Arbuckle at ancient Red Arctic Village



This Eskimo shack is built of old tea boxes but the washing hangs white on the clothesline

we know it is important but hardly any of us see it.

The Mackenzie River is magnificently uneconomic and it is by no means certain that it has any economic future whatever unless the sheer excess of the world's population compels people a hundred years hence to emigrate there and live under the unknown and artificial conditions of the next scientific age. The Mackenzie flows away from everything useful, away from civilization itself into a region where pingos pop out of the permafrost and builders drill holes through glare ice with steam hoses. Its land is one of the emptiest in the whole world; its destination is the Arctic Ocean, and for more than half of the year it is frozen tight. Only a few posts and settlements scar its banks. You may travel a hundred and fifty miles and see no creatures but gulls, sublime eagles, ravens the size of small turkeys, wedges of geese and ducks and possibly one of the huge white pelicans that sit on the water like swans.

Yet in summer the river is worked. Steel barges 120 and 150 feet long—four, six and even eight to a tow—are pushed down the river every open season by the tugs of two major transportation companies, and to the newcomer these so-called tows are amazing sights. The barges are yarded together two or three abreast and tied tightly like bundles of cordwood by heavy hawsers lashed to their bollards. They are piled twenty-five feet high with every kind of merchandise necessary for a civilization trying to exist in the north. Behind them, wedged against the pushing posts of the last barge in the central column, is the little tugboat pushing like a goat. From the taffrail of the tug to the front apron of the leading barge of the centre column the distance is about five hundred feet. Astern the diesel thunders in your ears; up front on a windless day there is no sound but the faint sniffle made by flat-bottomed barges coasting along the surface of the river.

Nearly all the freight goes down the Mackenzie and is consumed there, and most of the barges pushed laboriously upstream are empty. Apart from the small refinery continued on page 53



Half stripped by northern winds, black spruces lean together in clumps near Fort Smith, where barges are portaged on trailers to bypass Athabasca River rapids



Aklavik's Eskimo women, like women elsewhere, love to dress up. Frilly hems flop over their sealskin boots.



Common sense won't work with children

It's a widely touted virtue but it's almost useless in raising youngsters. A renowned psychiatrist tells why

BY DR. SMILEY BLANTON *with Arthur Gordon*

Your child is not your possession. He is a loan from life, not a gift. A child is an individual in his own right, with a dignity and an integrity that must be respected at all times

Since the beginning of history I am sure, parents have been referring to their offspring as "our youngster" or "my child." But this is false and misleading. A child is not a possession. He does not "belong" to anyone. Life makes use of the parents—to create more life. And it does entrust the child for a while to the persons who helped it into the world. But this is a loan, not a gift. And life expects the loan to be repaid, someday, with interest.

An awareness of the truth lies close to the heart of all successful parent-child relationships. The human infant needs more care for a longer period of time than the young of any other creature. But inevitably the time comes when he does not need such care any longer, when he will fight it necessary to escape from it. For it is only in proportion as he escapes from it that he becomes a truly adult person himself.

The sad fact is many of us block our children in trying to help them. We sense that they need love desperately, so sometimes we over-indulge them. We know that their judgment is faulty, so sometimes we over-control them. We graft onto them, sometimes without even knowing it, our own frustrated ambitions, our prejudices, even our mistakes.

For twenty years of my career I specialized in the emotional problems of children, and much of my work is still concerned with parent-child relationships. It is not an easy field.

The tools that the professional counselor uses are a working knowledge of forces that control human personality, a certain amount of insight born of experience, a pinch of wisdom, perhaps, and a conviction that the love-forces in people sometimes need to be strengthened and liberated if the people are to live at peace with themselves, their children and their neighbors.

You may notice that I do not include in the above list of tools that well-thought-of commodity, common sense. The truth is, common sense is not of much use when it comes to understanding human behavior. Common sense is helpful in making practical decisions, whether to make a trip by train or plane, whether to buy a home or rent one, whether your symptoms warrant calling a doctor. But human behavior often violates common sense because it is determined largely by forces and motives that are concealed from the conscious mind.

The point I am making is simply that the laws of nature are deep and mysterious. When we seem to see a contradiction it is likely to be our own lack of knowledge that is at fault—not some inconsistency in the great unchanging patterns of the universe.

The children of most people in the middle years are likely to be teen-agers, or at least well past the infancy stage. Every stage of development has its problems, and adolescence is probably the most explosive and difficult of all. But a father's or a mother's relationship with a teen-age child is not a sudden thing. It has been evolving since the moment of the child's birth.

In recent years most parents, I am sure, have had drummed into them the fact that very small babies, seemingly unaware of what goes on around them, are very conscious of the attitudes and emotions of the giants who inhabit their tiny world—parents, nurses, and so on. And I am equally sure that most parents have wondered how on earth a small infant could possibly register such feelings.

The answer lies in what I call muscle tensions. Each of us has a cerebro-spinal nervous system, under the direct control of the will, which enables us to stand up, to lie down, to walk or run, to shake hands, and so on. But we also have a sympathetic nervous system which functions independently of our will. It is this system which controls the beating of the heart, perspiration and other bodily functions.

This automatic nervous system is closely keyed in to your emotions. If you are frightened your heart beats faster. If you are tense and anxious your digestion is inhibited. Every time you have a craving such as hunger it is accompanied by an emotion—love, fear or hate. To take a simple example, a hungry man is likely to be an irritable man. It is never a good idea to tackle a man about a business proposition the minute you sit down to lunch. As every salesman knows, it is better to wait until he has eaten.

Whenever you have a strong desire for something or a strong aversion to something, your automatic nervous system telegraphs your cerebral system to go out and do something about it. But life is full of restrictions and prohibitions; there are many times when no physical action can be taken. You meet a person secretly hit us say and you dislike him. Perhaps something he says or does antagonizes you enormously. But good manners demand that you conceal your irritation.

The fact is, however, that you will be unable to conceal it. Your muscle tensions will betray you—in a thousand involuntary ways—through the tone of your voice, an expression on your face, the tension of your hand as it lies on the table.

This is the mechanism whereby even the smallest baby can sense the attitudes of the people around it. Love is reflected in the nurses of the mother, the gentleness of her voice, even the way she holds the baby. If she is nervous or anxious, her muscle tensions will show it. If she resents having had the baby, she will not be able to conceal it. Babies, even more than most of us, literally depend on love for their survival. I have seen small infants, deprived of maternal cuddling and love, go into convulsions for which no physical cause was present. The convulsions were a protest the most violent protest the child could make against the deprivation it was suffering.

This is something that parents would do well to remember at all stages of their child's development. The way you stand, the way you walk, the way you speak—particularly the quality and volume of your voice—reveal instantly your basic attitude, and a child will read you like a book.

This principle holds true in any human relationship. Whenever you come into contact with another human being, something in you is measuring his tensions. Perhaps the reason the custom of handshaking has persisted through the ages is that it gives this monitor in all of us a tangible physical contact to evaluate. I often think that in my work it is not so much *what* I say as *how* I say it that sometimes seems to help people.

Once I remember when I was trying to explain to some parents the importance of all this I said: "I am now going to say goodbye to you in three different ways, but always using the same words."

First I said goodbye in a pleasant but somewhat detached manner—the sort of farewell one might expect from a physician who is friendly with a patient but does not know him very well. Then I said goodbye in a rather abrupt tone, which means: "I am through with you. I wish you'd leave now, because I have more important things to do." Finally I said goodbye with great warmth and affection, as if the welfare of the patient were of deep moment to me. "You see," I told the parents, "all these different goodbyes have a different effect on the people who hear my voice. It is just the same with you and your children. You may be saying the correct or proper things, but your tensions and deeper feelings show through, and these are really what influence your children, whether you like it or not!"

Very early in the life of a child, parents must start to work him away from the total selfishness with which he is born. This imposed control lasts for years, and few areas of child guidance are more controversial than this area of discipline.

Clearly the degree of parental control must vary with the age and capabilities of the child. It is foolish and dangerous to allow a four-year-old to cross a busy street alone. It is equally foolish to try to impose rules of conduct suitable for a twelve-year-old on a sixteen-year-old. Nothing arouses greater resentment on the part of adolescents than the feeling that their parents don't trust them, or still consider them babies.

Some parents may think me too permissive, but the simplest and most inclusive rule for child rearing that I can offer is this: *Never give a child an order that you're absolutely necessary.* Parents and indeed many teachers fall into the habit of giving orders that are not only unnecessary but really are in opposition to the natural growth and development of the child. I remember one nursery

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Parents fall into the habit of giving orders that are not only unnecessary but really are in opposition to the natural growth and development of the child



One of Canada's most active missing persons bureaus is headed by Lieut. George Cookson of Montreal police department

Three hundred Canadians disappear every week. Some are found within hours, others not for years. A few vanish forever. Seldom do police, private detectives, anguished relatives or compassionate neighbors ever find the same answer twice to



Toronto neighbors heard screams but no one ever found out what happened the night of May 28, 1950, when 19-year-old Mabel Cromback vanished.



Former Montreal model Huguette Lemay had been married only seven months when she disappeared during a Florida vacation in 1952. No trace of her has ever been found.



A masked gunman dragged pretty Marion McDowell out of her boy friend's car in Smithorough, Ont., on the evening of December 6, 1953. Police believe she is dead.

The complex riddle of MISSING PERSONS

BY JOHN CLARE

Mr. Henry Blodgett,
238 St. Clements Avenue,
Toronto 12, Ontario

Dear Henry:

Every week, about three hundred Canadians drop from sight. Some of them, particularly the children, remain missing only until they get homesick or hungry but others disappear for months and even years and a few vanish without trace. Around the world thousands upon thousands are missing because of war and other disasters as well as a desire to disappear.

In 1958, the latest year for which there are official statistics, the police were asked to find 13,771 missing Canadians. All but 949 were found by the end of the year.

Will you look into some of these cases with a view to doing an article for us? When does a person become formally missing?

John Clare,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

238 St. Clements Avenue,
Toronto 12, Ontario

Dear John:

Technically a missing person is someone who has been gone for an unreasonably long time, and can't be found. A man who plays poker all night without telling his wife know, which is pretty unreasonable, could be regarded as a missing person. As far as the police records are concerned it is someone who has been gone for more than forty-eight hours and whose disappearance has been reported to them.

There are millions as in the millions of cases where families have been flung apart by war and both the searcher and the sought are missing. Frequently a parent and a child separated by a quarrel will start to look for each other after a lapse of years when time has made them mellow and sentimental.

A Toronto businessman, now fifty and successful with a family of his own, recently set out to find his mother who had borne him out of wedlock and had put him out for adoption without going through the legal formalities of the process. When he was sure he had found her and had met her there was something he could do. He wanted to be sure she was not in want.

Children are rarely missing past suppertime and consequently their names don't usually go on the official list of the lost. There are exceptions. In Montreal recently a little boy went to the family nine to explore and fell asleep while his father and fifty other taxi drivers scoured the city frantically with the flags on their meters riding high into the hunt. In London, Ont., in other little boy climbed into a sedan chair as part of a game. The lid locked behind him and he was found suffocated.

There is no law against attempting to disappear unless you try to make someone else's money vanish at the same time, run out on your responsibilities as a husband or wife or create a public mischief to throw searchers off the trail. Husbands, never wives, can be charged with non-support in these cases and both can be held legally responsible for the neglect of little children.

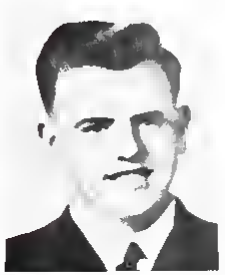
A few years ago a woman of twenty-two left her home in northern Ontario and went to Toronto to look for work because she wasn't getting on well with her stepmother. The parents appealed to the police for help in finding her. A Toronto newspaper got a picture of her from home and ran it large on the front page in an early edition because she was pretty and news was slow that day. She was soon discovered working in the city but the publicity so distressed her new employer, who felt the whole matter smacked of scandal, that he dismissed her. The girl threatened action against the newspaper though a lawyer but did not proceed with it.

A missing person may be declared legally dead by court order after seven years of complete absence. This is usually done in cases where the settlement of an estate is pending. But a man or woman cannot shunk off responsibility or liability under the law as easily as they can put aside their

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Suspended from school for smoking, Ronald Thomson disappeared from Toronto for 75 days in 1957. He was found working on a farm and went home to his mother.



Abandoning his car and bank account and changing his name, Ross Nichol of Elsworth, Ont. took his wife and infant son with him and disappeared for eleven years.



Nimbel's wife, Effie, accompanied him in hiding between 1948 and 1959. The story turned out to be simple: they wanted to live their own lives.





As builder of the CPR he is best remembered for driving the last spike.

The fur trader who grubstaked our nation



As Lord and Lady Strathcona Smith and his wife were social lions in London

A Maclean's flashback
BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Donald Smith spent thirty lonely years in Labrador, then soared to a title and a business empire. On his way he toppled a government, financed the CPR, dreamed up Mounties and generated more love and hatred than any man in our history

Most Canadians think of Lord Strathcona only as a bearded history book gentleman in a swallow-tailed coat uncomfortably bashing in the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Behind this fuzzy public memory is the most remarkable business career in Canadian history.

Strathcona was probably the last of his type.

His empire-scale financial manipulations touched the lives of many men, leaving them with a brooding sense of disquiet, like the first of a month of rainy days. Although he spent more than half his manhood in tattered exile as an obscure Labrador fur trader, Strathcona more than any other businessman became a major determining force in the early evolution of Canadian economics and politics.

His astounding skill as an international financier made possible construction of the CPR—a feat that united the country economically as Confederation had politically. During his four decades as governor of the Hudson's Bay Company he transformed a dominion of wilderness into a commercial enterprise. As its president for twenty-seven years he made the Bank of Montreal Canada's largest financial institution.

Strathcona is rarely remembered now as a statesman but his diplomacy settled the first Riel rebellion and his dramatic political turnabout toppled Sir John A. Macdonald's first Canadian parliament. Even less well remembered is the fact that Strathcona was responsible for establishing the predecessor force to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. **continued on page 49**

As high commissioner to U.K. he became London's favorite colonial character

The famed and fearsom muskellunge



Anglers seldom bother to tell lies about our mightiest fresh-water fish because the true tales of terrifying encounters with his thrashing five-foot body and snapping, sharp-toothed jaws put fiction to shame

BY FRED BODSWORTH

Bob Turnbull Jr. of Woodbridge, Ont., hooked a fish last summer in the Lake Couchiching narrows, sixty miles north of Toronto, and forty minutes later when he finally got it to the side of the boat he saw with horror that it was a thrashing monster almost five feet long. Two friends with him were so alarmed by its size they pleaded with Turnbull to cut the line and let it go, but Turnbull wrestled the fish into the boat only to be knocked overboard in the struggle to subdue it. He swam back and finally killed the fish with an oar.

It was, of course, a muskellunge—that grim lynx-mute, packed breed that has broken more records, more fishing tackle, and more fishermen's hearts than any other fresh-water game fish. The scales showed later that it was a thirty-eight-pounder, a whopping fish, yet far from a record-breaker. A king musky can come twice this size.

Mightiest battler of them all, the musky has been responsible for the biggest records (up to seventy pounds) and probably the biggest lies of any fresh-water game fish, although veteran musky fishermen will deny that any stories of muskies are lies. Muskies, they insist, come so big you don't have to lie about them. Probably a spunky smallmouthed bass or speckled trout hits more light pound for pound than a muskellunge, but this is like trying to compare bantamweight and heavyweight boxers. The musky is in a class by himself.

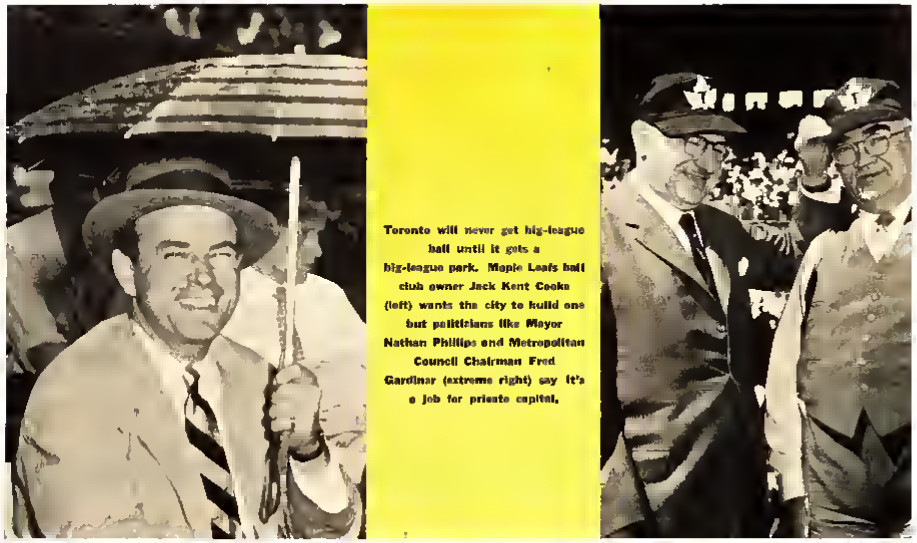
But this biggest of inland game fish is also our biggest fish conservation problem, for the musky, though strong, tough and fierce on the end of a line, seems to be a weakling in the struggle for survival against other fish and against man's constant tampering with the waters where he lives. He has disappeared or become very rare in many waters where he was once fairly abundant. There have been recurrent gloomy predictions from sportsmen that the great fish is declining toward inevitable extinction. Biologists doubt if it is that bad. There are signs, they say, that the muskellunge is beginning to respond a little to the years of conservation efforts on his behalf and is now at least holding his own.

Other game fish are fairly widespread, but the musky has established himself only in a restricted region around the Great Lakes and even there his distribution is spotty. His main range lies within Ontario, a fact for which Ontario's tourist-trade barkers are exceedingly grateful, but there are good musky populations in southwestern Quebec, Minnesota, New York and Wisconsin. The four largest muskies on record hail from the latter two states. Ontario's grandest entry to date, a mere 62-pounder, ranks in fifth position.

Ontario has three major **continued on page 36**







Toronto will never get big-league ball until it gets a big-league park. Maple Leafs ball club owner Jack Kent Cooke (left) wants the city to build one but politicians like Mayor Nathan Phillips and Metropolitan Council Chairman Fred Gardiner (extreme right) say it's a job for private capital.

Will Canada ever make the majors?

Even ebullient Jack Kent Cooke is growing frustrated chasing the big-league baseball franchise that's been "coming" for nine years. Here's a penetrating look at the confusion that's holding it up—and our chances of getting it at all

BY TRENT FRAYNE

At eleven thirty five on the morning of May 2, 1950 the commissioner of baseball, Ford Frick, adjusted his horn-rims in a hotel room in Toronto and articulated a front-page story for George Dulmage, a reporter for the Toronto Telegram.

"A third major league is as inevitable as tomorrow," said Frick, an unsmiling man with a furrowed face and the tones of an evangelist. "Montreal is a major-league city now and Toronto with its Sunday ball is getting there. The National League and the American League will expand to twelve teams each and out of these will emerge the third major league."

Nine years ago this was revolutionary thinking. The major leagues hadn't altered their construction, or discussed changing it, in nearly fifty years, defying change through two world wars and a depression ever since the American League had been formed in 1901. It was front-page news in this country because until that precise moment Canadians had regarded the big leagues as a segment of purely American culture, rather like the hot dog and whatever widespread enthusiasm the majors created was usually confined to small boys with large scrapbooks or to a week in October each year during the World Series when people hugged their radios for the blow by blow superlatives of the announcers.

But since that precise moment it has been an unusual summer month that somebody somewhere hasn't proclaimed that the major leagues are unalterably destined to embrace one or more Canadian cities. The fact that in the last six years five clubs have moved to new cities, none of them in Canada, has not dimmed speculation that a Canadian city will be next.

The first shift came three years after Frick first wedded Canada and the majors in that Toronto hotel room. The Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee three weeks before the 1953 season opened. Money poured into the ball clubs coffers like beer flowing into kegs, setting up a wild gleam in the eyes of prospective owners in other cities. In relatively rapid succession the weak and unattractive St. Louis Browns and Philadelphia Athletics had found new homes. Baltimore businessmen took the Browns and sought to disguise them under the name Orioles, and the Athletics were hauled all the way to Kansas City to commit their athletic atrocities there. The new and enthusiastic customers in these virgin territories overlooked every sin and responded to major league baseball like sailors to shore leave.

Then last year, with the civic fathers of Los Angeles and San Francisco offering slightly less than the Santa Anita race track and the Golden Gate Bridge to attract them, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants sped west.

Thus today, after nine years and several million words on the subject by assorted politicians, business tycoons and baseball executives, the big leagues have developed a migratory streak. But they are as far removed from Canada as they ever were.

There are three ways by which a Canadian city can acquire major league status. (1) expansion of one of the leagues to embrace more cities. (2) formation of a third major league. (3) transfer of an existing franchise from an American city to a Canadian city. Of the three, the first seems the most likely, presuming there will be any change at all. Item (3) can be eliminated almost at once because all sixteen major league teams are making money, even including the pseudo major-leaguers masquerading in Washington. Chronic cellar-dwellers, the Senators pick up enough money via television and visits by the Yankees to pay their bills even though they have known seasons when they've drawn fewer people than the Toronto Maple Leafs, the top attraction in the minor leagues.

Speculation on the possibility of more big leagues or more teams in the existing big leagues is just that: speculation. Even the baseball powers themselves don't know what they're apt to do next, and what they were most apt to do yesterday doesn't necessarily bear any relation to what they're most apt to do today.

For example, on a cold bright blue afternoon in Washington last winter the cold bright blue eyes of Warren Giles, president of the National League, reflected a bleak attitude toward expansion. All around him in the teeming lobby of the Hotel Mayflower at baseball's annual winter convention were people interested in knowing if the league planned to shift a franchise back to the huge New York market, now barren of NL competition, or expand to ten teams to embrace New York and Toronto, a city frequently mentioned in convention room harangues.

"Maybe in five years something could happen," said Giles airily. "But right now it's a dead issue. None of the owners in our league wants to expand. Nobody wants to shift a franchise. We haven't given it a thought."

That very afternoon the owners to whom Giles had been referring authorized a special study of the possibility of expanding into a ten team league. The issue was so important the owners declared, as to take priority over any other baseball matter. A "dead issue" one moment and a matter of top priority the next, the problem of expansion was turned over to an independent research organization for study and an eventual report to the owners.

American League owners, meanwhile, are conducting their own survey under virtual cloak-and-dagger circumstances. The AL's realignment committee is headed by Del Webb, co-owner of the Yankees, a millionaire contractor from Arizona who was asked recently what cities he'd visited in his researches. Webb considered the question gravely before answering. "I'm not at liberty to say," he replied. He gave the same careful response when he was asked how many cities he'd visited.

As far as is known Webb, the committee's chairman and therefore a powerful persuader, has visited no Canadian cities. And continued over page



Montreal Mayor Sarto Fournier (right) —here with Royals manager Clay Bryant and Butch Bouchard (centre) — wants a city-financed ball park but council won't agree.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **RIO BRAVO:** Director Howard Hawks who made *Red River* in 1948, has come up with another big handsome and entertaining western. One measure of its richness is that even Dean Martin (the showy crooner who used to cavort with Jerry Lewis) does what he has to do with solid conviction, his role being that of a former jail guard patiently recovering from a two-year binge. Teen-idol Ricky Nelson accurately portrays a cool junior lawman, and fringe veterans John Wayne, Walter Brennan and Ward Bond turn in good (with throughout). Sheriff Wayne's task is to prevent the liberation of an accused murderer by his wealthy kinsmen's "private army."

BACHELOR DE HEARTS: Much of the (recently re-awfully strained in this British comedy about a Cottman youth (Hardy Kruger) who runs into buzzings, secret societies and too many girl friends while "studying" at Cambridge University.

GIDEON OF SCOTLAND YARD: Hollywood's John Ford, who has sadly declined in skill since his great days as a director, has scant reason to feel proud of this heavy-handed crime comedy-drama, starring the capable Jack Hawkins.

IMITATION OF LIFE: A long, (knitted) scenic and an even longer (funeral) pall cast all the organ stops of sentiment during the final portion of this two-hour drama, but it has an undeniable warmth and sincerity beyond the scope of a mere tearjerker. The story—a remake of a 1934 film starring Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers—traces the lives of two mothers, one white and one black (Lana Turner, Juanita Moore), and their restless daughters.

A QUESTION OF ADULTERY: A pretentious and trashy social problem drama. It sets up a serious ethical legal point about the rights and wrongs of artificial insemination and then blandly dodges it with a (think ending. Julie London and Anthony Steel are the anguished principals.

UP PERISCOPE: (a James Garner of television's Maverick series) does well in his first major screen role, as a U.S. Navy frogman whose hazardous duties carry him behind the Japanese lines. The story is not without its quota of submarine clichés.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Al Capone: Real-life crime drama. Good.
Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair.
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.

Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Country: Western. Excellent.
The Buccaneer: Historical drama. Fair.

The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by G.B.S. Fair.
Dunkirk: War drama. Good.

Escort West: Western. Fair.

The Fearmakers: Drama. Good.

Gigi: Musical. Excellent.
Good-bye, my Lady: Hunting Western. Fair.

The Hanging Tree: Western. Fair.
His Wife Must Die: French drama. Good.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.

Ice Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.
It Happened in Rome: Anglo-Italian drama-comedy. Fair.
I Want to Live!: Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.

The Journey: Cold War drama. Good.
The Last Blitzkrieg: War drama. Fair.

Law and Disorder: Comedy. Good.
Lonelyhearts: Newspaper drama. Fair.

Madame Butterfly: Filmed opera. Good.
Ma and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.

Night of the Quarter Moon: Race-bias drama. Fair.
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Good.
Nine Lives: True-action drama. Good.

Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.

Party Girl: Gangster drama. Good.
The Perfect Furlough: Romedy. Good.

Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!: Small-town comedy. Fair.
The Restless Years: Drama. Fair.
Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.

Separate Tables: Drama. Good.
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.
Stranger in My Arms: Drama. Fair.
The Square Peg: Ups comedy. Fair.

The Tempest: Historical drama. Good.
These Thousand Hills: Western. Good.
The Trap: Suspense drama. Fair.

The Vicious Circle: Scotland Yard crime mystery. Fair.

Virgin Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.

al Webb does have influence on his fellow AL owners, it appears that the only possibility of a new city appearing in that league would be through the swamp of an existing franchise. He is personally opposed to expansion and regards a third major league as a "myth." "You remember the old saying: milk is cheap but it takes money to buy whisky?" he asked recently. "Well, that's how I feel about a third major league."

And yet there are men outside the majors "with money to buy whisky" and one of these is Jack Kent Cooke, the overwhelmingly enthusiastic owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs who built his mint out of a radio station in Toronto and subsequently branched into publishing and phonies-manufacturing. A man of vast energy and disarming charm, Cooke entered baseball in 1951 when he was thirty-eight. He bought the lacklustre Maple Leafs, and within three years he turned them into the most successful minor league operation in baseball. The gamin's patch-eyed as Cooke initiated what he elected to call showmanship into his ballyard, plastering up the place with ceaseless tunes and chatter from the public-address system, fireworks and exploding cartridges and girls clad largely in skin, and an endless parade of giveaways—ashtrays and hosiery for lady customers, caps and hats and lollipops for kids and cartons of horn flakes and razor blades for home-run hitters and pitchers.

Cooke barely knew a switch-hitter from a fireman when he started but he caught on quickly. He was completely uncowed by major-league executives who tended to patronize the upstart from Canada. He put money on the line for ball players who could help his Leafs and he paid them major league salaries when he got them. A recent example was Ginger (Rocky) Nelson, a best-base man who drew $12,500 from Cooke, more money than a good many major leaguers are paid. When the Pittsburgh Pirates drafted Nelson from Toronto in last December's winter meeting in Washington Cooke was stunned but only momentarily. Then he went typically into action. I was sitting in his hotel suite when he telephoned George Weiss, the general manager of the Yankees.

"George," Jack Cooke. How are you, George? George, they've drafted Rocky Nelson from me. Yes, I was heartbroken. He set a home-run record for us this year." Cooke looked out of his window across the buildings of Washington and followed a ball from Nelson's bat far over the right-field wall in Maple Leaf Stadium. Then suddenly Cooke snapped his eyes back to the mouthpiece of the telephone receiver and waving his left arm as he spoke he dismissed Nelson.

"George, I want a first-baseman and money is no object. I repeat, George, money is no object. Now do you have a first baseman in your organization available for sale?" At this point Cooke named three in rapid succession whom the Toronto manager, Dixie Walker, had told him might be available. He concluded the conversation by saying, "All right, George, you let me know. No, better still I'll call you. How about 7:30 tomorrow morning is that too early? All right, George. Good-by, George."

Operating in this fashion and at this level Cooke has proved he can deal with major leaguers because he has brought winning teams to Toronto. There have been occasions when he has been fleeced by owners capitalizing on his early naiveté — he paid in excess of fifteen thousand dollars each for six big leaguers Mary Rickert and Cliff Mapes, both of whom turned out to be grossly inadequate—but he learned quickly and wangled some outstanding players for his club, the most notable being Elston Howard, one of the Yankee standouts in the 1958 World Series who spent the 1954 season helping Toronto win a pennant.

A second-division team for uncounted years before Cooke got controlling interest on July 4, 1951, the Leafs finished almost from the moment he gleefully announced the purchase. In the last five years they have won three International League pennants and finished second twice. From a season attendance total that languished chronically around the two hundred thousand figure in the pre-Cooke era, his total reached a high of 446,158 in 1952 and hit four hundred thousand during two other seasons. To Cooke this indicates that the Toronto market is ripe to absorb the increased costs of a major league operation. In spite of performing in a creaking, thirty-three-year-old stadium with a capacity of about nineteen thousand, Toronto outdrew Kansas City and Baltimore when they were minor-league towns. In acquiring major league status and standards (accommodation for at least thirty-five thousand is desirable to cover big league costs) both of these cities vaulted over the one million figure.

It is estimated that a top minor league operation costs about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Big-league expenses run roughly a million and a half annually. Cooke feels Toronto, having outstripped Kansas City and Baltimore on a minor league basis, would do the same thing in the majors.

Employing the ingenuity we've shown these last seven years in the minors, I'm positive we'd make a glowing success of a major league undertaking on the field and at the box office, inside of three years," he told me.

"A major league town"

Cooke has another asset essential to a potential major league franchise holder: the support of a number of strong voices in baseball, including those of Frank Lane of Cleveland, Branch Rickey of Pittsburgh and Lee Pfund of Milwaukee, all of whom have become personal friends. Even E. J. (Buzzie) Bavasi, a shrewd, glib man not given to many enthusiasms who is vice-president and general manager of the Dodgers, told me recently in Washington that "Cooke has turned Toronto into a major league town, no doubt about it."

Why then with recognition, support, money and ambition has Cooke not succeeded in making Toronto a major league town in fact? Partly he feels it's because Toronto's civic administration so far has turned pluggers cars to his plan that a build-a-stadium of major league dimensions and accommodation. No group of individuals can do it, he insists, because the toll on private capital is prohibitive.

"Let's say it costs ten million dollars to build a fifty-thousand-seat stadium," explains Cooke's general manager, Eddie Schaffer. "To raise that kind of money at, say, six percent interest costs six hundred thousand dollars a year. Then you're subject to real-estate taxes. If they're two percent, that's another two hundred thousand. There's eight hundred thousand a year right there. Who can carry that kind of freight as rental?"

Schaffer claims a civic stadium is another matter.

"The bond interest is a lot less on a municipal proposition, and there are no property taxes," he says. "Now you've got the eight hundred thousand at least



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Here was reference to surveys conducted in Baltimore, Milwaukee and Kansas City, all of which have civic stadiums. The figures show that total attendance in 1957 included from 26.1 to 37.6 percent of fans from out of town. The Kansas City figures showed that 138,801 baseball fans were attracted to the city by the ball club and that they spent $3,383,000 during their visits and that 54.5 percent of them traveled more than 150 miles. In answer to the direct question: "If the Athletics were not in Kansas City would you come to town as often as you do now?" seventy-eight percent answered no.

In Milwaukee, Ray H. Weisbrod, executive vice-president of the Association of Commerce, estimates that the Braves brought more than seven million dollars in business to the city last season.

None of this surprises Toronto's Cooke. It appears "It would be the same story here," he says. "And yet City Hall wants private capital to build the ball park. Would those pall users expect private capital to build a zoo?"

Ex-controller Ford Brand, a man who opposed civic expenditure over Cooke's pleas in council, answered the question with a question when I visited him in his office. "Should the city subsidize the building of a hotel for a private operator on the grounds that the hotel brings business to the city by holding conventions?" he asked. "Where do you start and stop for people who went to make a private profit?"

Montreal a lost cause

The only other Canadian cities deemed large enough to accommodate major-league requirements are Montreal and Vancouver, and both are worse off with regard to stadium facilities than Toronto. The Montreal franchise, in addition, is owned by the Los Angeles Dodgers, which could cause further complications, although not necessarily insurmountable ones. Montreal, oddly enough, was surveyed as a possible major league site in 1952 by the now Toronto executive, Schaffer, who then was employed by Bill Veeck, owner of the St. Louis Browns. Veeck, losing money at St. Louis, dispatched Schaffer, who returned with a negative report on the grounds of inadequate facilities and no civic interest in providing new facilities or remedying the old.

The studious columnist of the Montreal Gazette, Dink Carroll, says Montreal kissed its big league hopes good-by in the late 1940s and early 1950s when Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella had banned a lucrative baseball interest in the hearts of Royals supporters.

"Nobody did anything about it then and anybody who talks of doing anything about it now is just an optimist," says Carroll. "The mayor, Sarto Fournier, told me a while back that he'd like to see a proper stadium here but that too many people in council are in disagreement. Around here the big leagues are nowhere in sight."

Vancouver, a comparative johnny-come-lately achieved Triple-A classification one class below the majors and on a par with Montreal's and Toronto's International League prior to the 1956 season when the Oakland franchise in the Pacific Coast league was transferred there. The club is now owned by seventeen hundred Vancouver stockholders and receives the bulk of its players from Baltimore. President and principal stockholder is Nat Bailey, a greying, soft-spoken man who once sold peanuts in the Vancouver ball park and now owns a restaurant chain. Bailey confesses that his team is so new to triple A baseball that no one has given much thought to the majors. "We have talked to city council people privately about big-scale park improvements but we've made no formal request," he says.

His general manager, a swarthy and alert graduate of the Boston Red Sox system, Colin Tallis, suggests that Vancouver's inclusion in a major league expansion program would be predicated on inclusion of Portland and/or Seattle in the now-by Pacific Northwest and feels that Vancouver's geographical location would be no hindrance to any expansion program.

"We're only three hours to San Francisco and five to Chicago," he says. "With a sister city like Portland or Seattle in the league our area could easily pay for a week's layover by two visiting clubs, just as Los Angeles and San Francisco do now."

But in any discussion of big-league expansion to embrace a Canadian city there are always the twin specters of lack of facilities and big league confusion. And the latter is as real as the former. In the words of the general manager of Cleveland, Frank Lane: "You'd be surprised how hard it is to get two baseball executives to agree on something without one figuring the other's trying to skin him. So how do you expect sixteen to agree?" We're all selfish right now. Cleveland owns one eighth of the American League, right? Well if there were ten teams we'd only own one tenth. Would Cleveland be better off if there were teams in Houston and Toronto, say? Who can answer that?"

Red Smith, columnist of the New York Herald Tribune, has no patience whatever with the owners' greed and lack of imagination. During the Washington meetings he wrote: "The little band of willful men who own baseball is assembled to see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil about the business they have not yet managed to strangle to death. The winter meeting is a solemn conclave attended annually by members of the baseball hierarchy in order that they may ignore in concert the grave problems which they have disregarded individually since their last convention.

"They've played footsie with towns like Houston, Toronto and Minneapolis-St. Paul and then given these cities the back of their hand."

And in Toronto, Rickie Schaffer made agreement. "It's hard to imagine that these are intelligent people?" he says. "Sometimes the confusion seems premeditated." ★

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The famed and fearsome muskellunge

Continued from page 29

"Fish authorities disallowed one man's record catch because he shot the musky with a pistol"

musky regions: 1. the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River district, 2. the Trent canal system, particularly its Kawartha Lakes section north of Peterborough, and 3. the St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario into the Montreal region of Quebec. Muskellunge are also caught in Georgian Bay, the Rideau and Ottawa Rivers and Lakes St. Clair, Simcoe, Nipissing and Timagami.

It is generally agreed among tourist and game officials that the musky lures more tourist dollars to Ontario than any other fish. That is because the musky is never abundant, and even in the best waters the angler expects to stay around a while and spend money to catch one. Whereas other anglers measure their success in fish caught per hour, the musky angler measures his in hours per fish. The muskellunge has been called "a fifty-hour fish," and on the average that label would be fairly close. But the battle that results when a fisherman finally hooks one is worth waiting for, and the musky angler who devotes his two-week vacation to catching just one big one usually figures he got his money's worth.

Thus every musky comes at a high price—fluid in travel, lodging, boat and guide. Several years ago an Ontario government statistician estimated that every muskellunge landed was worth two hundred dollars to the province. Tourist lodge owners in musky regions say this is too low today. Toronto Telegram outdoor editor Pete McGillin, who runs a tourist lodge himself, points out that musky fishermen usually bring their families into Ontario with them. With this in mind he estimates that every muskellunge landed has produced a thousand dollars in tourist business.

For all its fame, the musky still lacks a universally agreed upon name. The name "muskellunge" is most widely used today, but authorities have listed twenty-four different ways of spelling it. The name was derived from the Cree *maskinonge*, which means "deformed pike," the Indians regarding it as a variety of the much common, near relative, the northern pike. For eighty years it has been officially known on the statutes of Ontario and Quebec as the "maskinonge," which government officials defend as nearest to the Indian original. The Outdoor Writers Association of America and the state of Wisconsin have adopted "muskellunge," but New York state calls it "muskalonge." No wonder the bewildered angler usually settles for "musky" or "lunge."

Certainly the musky owes none of his popularity to his beauty. He is as mean-looking, as any fish comes, with long flank-like jaws and an enormous formidable mouth that bristles with needle-sharp teeth. Many anglers have difficulty distinguishing him from the northern pike. The pike has *light spots on a dark background* whereas the usual musky markings are *dark vertical bars on a light background*.

A twenty-pound pike is a whopper but no serious musky fisherman would bother having his picture taken with a twenty-pound musky. Every year produces a few muskies of forty pounds and up and the record-setting muskies caught by rod and line are now crowding close to seventy pounds. From 1949 to 1957 the record catch weighed sixty-nine pounds, eleven ounces and it was landed in the Chippewa Flowage, Wis. by Louis Spray. (In 1954 Bob Muir of Peri Arthur caught a seventy-pound three-ounce musky in Minnesota. However Field and Stream magazine has recognized custodian of angling statistics disqualified Muir's musky because he couldn't beat the fish and instead shot it with a pistol.) So Spray remained musky champ until 1957 when—again in U.S. waters—New York angler Arthur Lawton landed a musky weighing sixty-nine pounds, three ounces on the U.S. side of the St. Lawrence River. There are still good chances that new musky angling records will be set because muskellunge up to a hundred pounds were netted by commercial fishermen fifty years ago. Ontario's record musky is a sixty-two pounder taken from Lake St. Clair in 1940.

Many tall tales have grown up around the muskies that get away. There are un-





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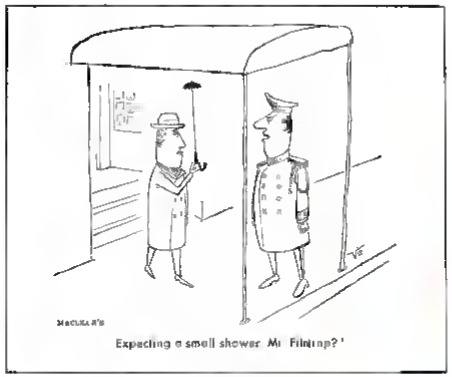
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Expecting a small shower, Mr. Flintrap?'

unbelievable stories of anglers who are said to have had arms broken by the thrashing tails of muskellunge, of other anglers who have had fingers bitten off. An oft-heard yarn is the one about the musky that towed the boat around the lake with a twenty-five horsepower motor pulling with open throttle in the opposite direction. And a Wisconsin angler claims that when, after a two hour struggle, he finally got a six foot musky into his boat it had a hole through the bottom. The boat sank and the musky swam away, thumbing back sarcastically.

But the veteran musky hunter takes a disdainful view of all this, because he claims, with sound reason, that the truth about muskies is colorful enough. Two Pennsylvania fishermen hooked a forty-eight pounder in Lake Nipissing in 1953 and had to send ashore for a pair of ice tongs with which to haul the monster into their boat. Prins McGillan once encountered an elderly angler in Pigeon Lake who was so frightened by a musky he had hooked that he was on his knees on the bottom of the boat praying. Mr. Gillen fended the man was going to have a heart attack, landed the musky for him and took him ashore. The angler was so unnerved that he was put to bed and he stayed there for three days, vowing never again to fish in waters where he might encounter another muskellunge.

Even swimming in musky waters can be dangerous. Melville McConaghy of Arnprior was sitting on a log boom in Chats Lake dangling his feet in the water to cool off and a musky struck, lacerating his ankle so severely that McConaghy had to be hustled off to a doctor. At Trout Lake near North Bay a big musky took up residence under a dock. He ignored all the fat worms, technicolor lures and gewgaws offered him—but when a swimmer dunked his toe to test the water the musky hit like lightning, badly slashing the foot. The same thing happened a couple more times and the lodge proprietor had to put a "no swimming" sign on his dock.

It is not uncommon for muskellunge to mistake a hand or foot for something edible. Several years ago Nick Popovich of Lodge Point near Port Frances was seen doing a fast walk with an outboard motor, dangling one hand in the water. A musky grabbed him and wouldn't let go. With a landing net in his other hand Popovich hauled a twenty pound musky into the boat.

But muskies are not often lured this easily. As a rule they are sulking and crafty and will take their time about striking a lure. The first trick to catching a musky is finding one, because they are usually solitary and rare. Like pike, muskies are fond of shallow weedy bays. They lie in wait for smaller fish that are swimming along the edges of weedbeds and most muskies are caught by casting in such spots. In hot weather muskies, particularly the big ones, may go out into deep colder water where they can be reached only by trolling.

Among musky fishermen there are advocates of every bait and lure. Spoons, surface or underwater plugs, live bait—muskies have been taken on them all. Most experts advise big lures or if it is live bait minnows six to ten inches long, for muskies are rarely attracted to small baits. Because they often grip a lure in their teeth and because they have armor plated mouths, it takes a hard hit to set the hook. Then, keep him out of the weeds because in a weedbed he'll soon snarl up the line. Play him until he is thoroughly exhausted, otherwise there is little hope of getting him into a boat. Landing nets are frequently too small and most musky anglers use gaff hooks for boating their fish. Some experts land the big ones by tipping the boat until water starts coming in and they slide the fish in with the water.

What are the prospects for musky fishing in the future? For a fish brawn and fight the musky is extremely vulnerable during most stages of his life to competition from other fish and to changes in water conditions. According to expert estimates only one newly hatched musky out of every three hundred thousand has a chance of growing into a fifty pound lackin-buster even under the most favorable circumstances. Even so the musky was holding his own against these natural odds until man began interfering with his waters. Man-made dams prevented muskies in many spots from reaching their shallow spawning areas. Artificial manipulating of water levels for hydro-electric power, logging and flood control caused alternate flooding and draining which washed out eggs or buried them in silt and ultra left muskies large and small trapped in land-locked pools that dried up in summer. Industrial and municipal pollution poisoned thousands of acres of the submerged weedbeds that the musky relied on for concealment and spawning. While all this was happening, anglers were



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making increasing use of automobiles to get to the fishing spots and outboard motors to do the fishing. The law began prohibiting spear-fishing on spawning grounds, which had hit the musky population severely, but this relief was soon offset by more efficient angling methods—particularly coppeline trolling in the deep water of lakes where the big muskies once found summer sanctuary beyond the reach of anglers.

But probably the most damaging interference with the introduction into musky waters of northern pike the musky's nearest relative yet his deadliest foe. In earlier years, pike as well as other fish were often introduced by well meaning sportsmen into waters where they had not occurred naturally. Pike found their way into many musky waters, and then it was discovered too late that pike and musky cannot live together. Wherever the two fish meet pike inevitably are the more successful and the musky slowly disappears. Both fish use the same spawning grounds, both are ferocious eaters of other fish, but the pike spawns two weeks earlier giving the young pike fry a head start the muskies never overcome. As soon as the baby muskies hatch there is a horde of ravenous two week-old pike waiting to devour them. In one Wisconsin experiment, twenty five thousand newly hatched muskies were placed in a pond with an equal number of pike fry that had hatched two weeks earlier. One month later the pond was drained and a count of surviving fish showed that four hundred and two pike and only four muskellunge remained.

Can we maintain musky *fishing*, by rearing them in hatcheries and releasing them in angling waters? Governments have been carrying on this work for years with the grateful blessing of anglers who believe that the releasing of thousands of musky fry every year must inevitably be improving their musky fishing. But biologists believe otherwise. They point out that musky planting at the rate line has been going on for twenty years without producing any apparent improvement in musky fishing. Lake Simcoe, for example has been stocked with close to a million muskies since 1936 yet the musky is still practically non existent there.

To probe the mystery of the disappearing musky fry is one of the main aims of an extensive muskellunge study instituted in 1951 by the Toronto Anglers and Hunters Association and financed by funds from the Canadian National Sportsmen's Show. This study is being conducted at Negles Creek near Bobcaygeon, Ont. where a four mile stretch of stream is enclosed by dams at each end providing a musky population that can be studied as a permanent unit because no fish can get in or out. It has become the most thorough musky research project on the continent and the TAHA has spent thirty thousand dollars to date for its biologist personnel and equipment.

In addition to extensive studies into the muskye life history, mortality, population fluctuations and other aspects of its general biology, much work has been done to check on the survival of hatchery fry released there. The introduced muskies are marked by tags or fin clipping to make them identifiable if taken later in the biologists nets. Results to date suggest that the survival rate of hatchery fry is only one to three percent. As yet biologists can only guess at reasons for this low survival wherever musky fry are planted. A large female muskellunge is capable of laying three hundred thousand eggs and apparently a small number of breeding adults can produce all the young fish that their home waters can feed and maintain. Yet even a few muskies are difficult and costly to rear, for the musky, except in babyhood is a gluttonous eater of other fish and if other food isn't available he turns cannibal. A Wisconsin scientist estimates that three tons of food in the form of smaller fish are required to produce one fifty pound muskellunge. A musky is capable of eating another fish practically as big as himself and if he cannot swallow it completely the tail of the victim will remain sticking out the musky's mouth while the head end digests. To permit the musky to swallow more. Items found in musky stomachs have included muskrats, squirrels and toy boats. A 43 pound Wisconsin musky caught in 1948 had a full grown muskrat *and* a grebe (a duck sized water bird) in its stomach. A five-and-a half-foot musky was found dead in 1952 on Lake Bernadji Minn. with a beer can lodged in its throat.

Since muskies unlike trout, cannot be fed an artificially prepared diet a musky hatchery must be two hatcheries in one—one hatchery for the muskies themselves, another for rearing millions of sucker minnows to feed them. Because of this feeding problem, only one of Ontario's twenty-nine fish hatcheries is equipped to raise muskellunge on a large scale—the Deer Lake hatchery east of Peterborough. Deer Lake produces two to four million minnow-sized musky fry a year.

But because of the high cost and other difficulties hatcheries seem to hold out little promise for better musky fishing.

Of more promise, the biologists feel would be steps to correct the damage we have done to musky waters, restoring the shallow weedy musky waters where more muskies could survive against the great odds that beset their early life. A leading cause of this damage has been seasonal fluctuations in water levels produced by the opening or closing of dams in connection with power development, canals, sewage disposal and flood control. A whole year's musky reproduction can be lost by the opening of a dam for a few hours at a critical time following musky spawning. The Conservation Council of Ontario in a recent comprehensive report on fish and wildlife conservation suggested that much of the interference with water levels could be avoided or done in ways less damaging to fish if there were closer liaison between government departments responsible for the dams and departments responsible for wildlife management. The council has also claimed that water pollution can be much more effectively controlled. What is needed it adds, is that greater consideration be given to the value of waterways as producers of fish and wildlife resources.

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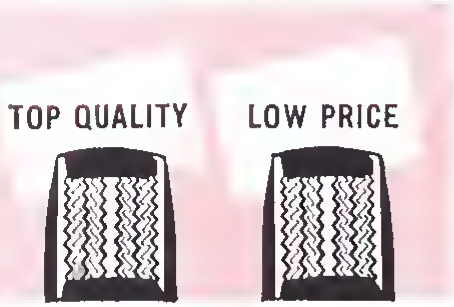
Smile

B.F.Goodrich *silvertown tires*

PRESENTED IN THE INTEREST OF DRIVING SAFETY BY B.F.GOODRICH (CANADA) LIMITED

tires look alike!

—*is there really a difference?*



Yes, there *is* a difference in tires. And that difference is built right in for your driving pleasure. We call it "Smileage!" Smileage means you have the right kind of tire for your kind of driving.

But if you are like millions of other Canadians, you may be bewildered by the variety of prices and types from which to choose. This is understandable. You cannot be expected to make a year-round study of the tire market. You only take an interest when you are ready to buy.

It's then that you are faced with choosing between the many fine tires available to you. Usually there is not enough time to shop around. So you buy—and, quite possibly, buy wrong.

A B.F.Goodrich study has revealed this astonishing fact: many Canadians motorists actually pay *more than necessary* for tires for their type of driving; just as thousands more buy tires that are below standard for their needs.

The same study shows why such errors are made. The reason is the lack of any general, authentic guide to tire buying. Result: you may pay more, or pay less, than you should.

That is why B.F.Goodrich has taken the unprecedented step of compiling this standard reference and making it available to every Canadian motorist. It is designed to answer, once and for all, the question: "*Which type of tire do I need?*" Keep this booklet in the glove compartment of your car. When next you need tires—use it!

B.F.Goodrich Smileage!

Rate yourself for tire type

TABLE 1: From the top scale select the kind of driving conditions you normally experience. From the side scale pick your usual annual mileage. Where they meet is your driving condition rating.

Miles per year	Mostly Expressway driving	Good (paved) roads	Improved (paved and unpaved) roads	Unimproved (unpaved) roads	Mud and snow
5,000	1	1	2	3	5
10,000	2	1	2	3	5
15,000	3	3	3	4	6
20,000	4	4	4	5	6
25,000	4	5	5	5	6
30,000 or over	4	5	5	5	6

TABLE 2: Now match your rating (top scale) against your normal *highway* cruising speed (side scale). This gives you your tire type.

Average speed	1	2	3	4	5	6
30-40 m.p.h.	E	E	C	A	A	F
40-50 m.p.h.	D	D	C	A	A	F
50-60 m.p.h.	C	C	A	A	A	F
60-70 m.p.h.	A	A	A	A	A	Driving in mud-snow conditions at these speeds not recommended.
over 70 m.p.h.	B	B	B	B	B	

This is your tire type

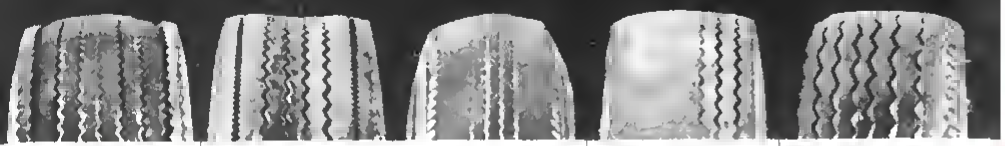
Type A—Puncture-sealing, heavy service tire
Type B—Heavy service tire
Type C—Medium heavy service tire
Type D—Medium service tire
Type E—Light service tire
Type F—Mud-snow traction tire

Note 1—In many suburban and rural areas in Canada, mud-snow tires are necessary for seasonal driving. If you drive under such conditions, pick a separate rating for normal driving.*

Note 2—You can't go wrong buying the best quality tires regardless of what type of driving you do. This is the best insurance you can buy!*

B.F.Goodrich Smileage!

WEAR SIGNALS—AND WHAT THEY MEAN



Excessive wear on both sides of tread is often due to under-inflation. Check pressure weekly.

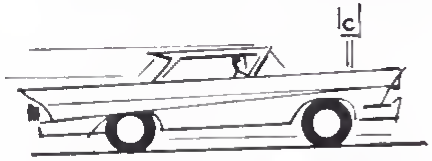
Unusual wear in centre of tread is overinflation sign. Reduce air to right pressure.

Excessive wear on shoulders of tires, caused by fast cornering. Remedy: drive carefully.

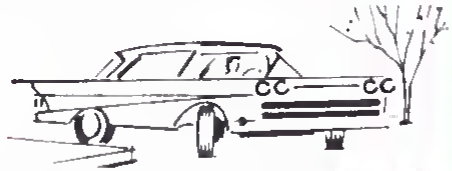
Unusual wear on one side of tire, caused by too much wheel camber. Have wheel assembly checked.

Sharp feather edge at edge of tread pattern. Another sign of bad wheel alignment. Have them checked.

THESE DRIVING HABITS MAKE TIRES LAST LONGER

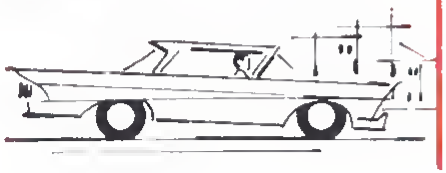


Take off smoothly from standing start. Firm-gripping tires wear evenly. Skids, slips hurt tread.

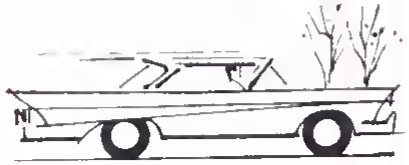


Slow down at sharp bends. Your tires will outlast those on cars which screech around corners.

Brake evenly. More comfortable ride and longer tire life result from careful slowdown.

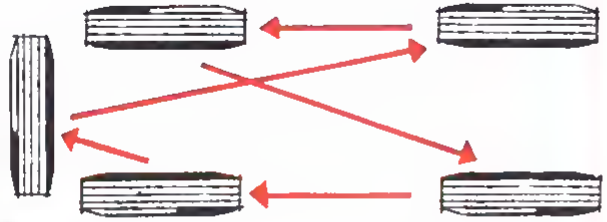


Relax and enjoy the view! Keeping within reasonable speed range increases tire life too.



GET THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES FROM YOUR TIRES

Rotate your tires every 5,000 miles. Tell your tire serviceman to follow this chart every time. You'll get thousands of miles of extra wear through proper rotation.



B.F.Goodrich Smileage!

GOOD TIRES WITH THESE FEATURES GIVE YOU

Smileage!

Driving was meant to be fun! The previous pages show you *how* to select the tires which give you that all-important Smileage . . . Now see *why* different kinds of tires are needed for different kinds of driving.

Self-sealing feature stops punctures without loss of air. Essential for high speed driving and for rugged roads.



Tubeless tires give warning of damage with slowouts instead of blowouts. No sudden flats miles from a garage.



Tread depth and design must match type of road surface and driving speed. Proper tread adds greatly to comfortable ride.



Card body construction is important to tire performance. Bad roads and adverse driving conditions will affect choice between 4-ply and 6-ply tires.



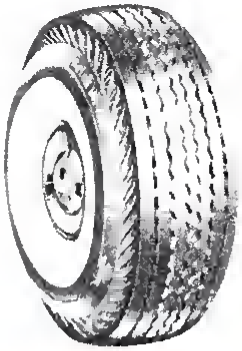
Mud-snow tires have wider, deeper tread than normal car tires. Tread is designed for strong traction and quiet running on dry pavement.



B.F.Goodrich Smileage!

B.F.Goodrich *tires give* **more to any driver**

Check which tire will give **Smileage!** *to you!*



TYPE A

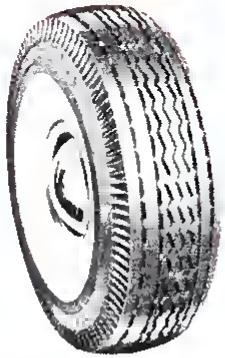
LIFE-SAVER TUBELESS

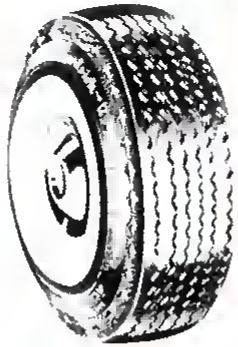
Self-sealing, heavy duty tire. Fixes flats before they happen . . . seals punctures as you drive!

DELUXE

Outstanding value with rugged construction. Tubeless or tube type—gives protection at low cost.

TYPE D





TYPE B

SILVERTOWN 125

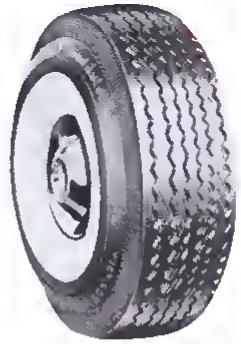
Designed for expressway driving—gives many extra miles at higher than average speeds. Tubeless.

SAFETY-S

Light service tire gives economy with BFG quality. Tube type only.

TYPE E





TYPE C

DELUXE SILVERTOWN

The B.F.Goodrich tire that comes on most new cars. Patented inner liner changes bruise blowouts to safe slow-outs in tubeless. Tube type also available.

TRAILMAKER

Outpulls all others in mud and snow. Tubeless or tube type. Up to six pounds more rubber than ordinary mud-snow tires.

TYPE F





Smileage!

B.F.Goodrich

Silvertown tires

**Key letters relate to tire types listed on page 3.*

Consider the type of driving you do –

Check your driving habits –

Rotate your tires every 5,000 miles –

. . . and you will get



Smileage!



The fur trader who grubstaked our nation continued from page 27

"That fellow," Sir John A. Macdonald declared bluntly, "is the biggest liar I ever met"

When Lord Strathcona died of a heart attack at ninety-four in 1914 he had outlived most of the violent animosities that he created as plain Donald Alexander Smith. During the last three decades of his life—after most of his generation had been buried — he listened to his legend and began to believe it.

He wished desperately to be remembered not only as a man who had never sinned but as a ruin intrinsically incapable of sinning. He regarded his House of Commons seat as a patriotic trust and would not accept his MP's salary. Yet he was tossed out of parliament for bribing voters to re-elect him and the success of his companies depended on the loans and stock options his agents distributed to ministers of both parties.

His contemporaries were sharply divided in their verdicts of Donald Smith and his achievements.

Sir John A. Macdonald bluntly declared "That fellow Smith is the biggest liar I ever met." W. T. R. Preston, the chief Ontario Liberal organizer, wrote: "The Smith syndicate was entirely responsible for using Canadian parliament for the most improper purposes that ever became operative among a free people."

Those who defended Smith were equally vocal. After presenting to him the tenth of his twelve honorary degrees, the Very Reverend Daniel M. Gordon, vice-chancellor of Queen's University, proclaimed: "As a Canadian, I am grateful to God for the large service He has enabled Lord Strathcona to render Canada."

Because Smith spent the first thirty years of his business life forgotten in Labrador, the record of his appearance is almost entirely that of his old age. He liked to picture himself as a Viking prince, moving the limbs of his six foot frame with military precision. The formidable penthouse of his gnarled brows gave his snow-squinted eyes a telescopic effect. When he spoke there was not a quiver in his meticulously combed beaver. His sentences were richly encumbersome, lacking the flash of wit.

Rather than use a word of abuse even in the most aggravating circumstances, Smith preferred merely to signify his agreement with the words of an underling. On the night of his humiliating defeat by Manitoba voters in 1880 for instance, he remarked to James Cole, a Hudson's Bay Company factor: "I am sorry to say that a majority of the intelligent electorate of my late Selkirk constituency have in the exercise of their undoubted privilege and right to choose the most fit and proper person available for the purpose of representing them in the dominion parliament seen fit to reject my own humble, not hitherto unacceptable person."

Cole described the upset more succinctly. "The damn voters took your money and voted against you!"

"You have properly expressed the situation," said Smith.

During the decades before and after the turn of the century, Smith was one of Canada's best known if not best loved public figures. Invitations to the many receptions at the largest of his four homes —a baronial red-stone castle at 1157 Dorchester Street—were envied by every social-climbing Montrealer. Smith was such a snob that he kept a secret tally, classifying his visitors according to rank. The impressive roll call included a future king and queen (George V and Queen Mary, who came to Canada in 1901 as the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York), a prince and princess, eight dukes, seven marquises, twenty-one earls, six viscounts, six governors-general, twenty-six lieutenant-governors, seven prime ministers, twenty-seven provincial premiers, four archbishops, seventeen bishops, twenty-nine supreme-court judges, fourteen chief justices, thirty-one mayors, and fifty-eight generals.

The dining room of the house opened into a garden for summer teas often attended by more than two thousand guests. When the future King and Queen of England stayed with Smith, he built a special balcony off the second floor so that the royal couple might have a better view of the fireworks exploded from the top of Mount Royal in their honor.

The custom made furniture was carved out of bird's-eye maple, bisecting the house was a dramatic three-story staircase all its mahogany components faithfully dovetailed with wooden pegs. Below stairs and out of hearing, eight rooms were partitioned off for more than a dozen maids, butlers and flunkeys.

Fitted more by temperament than by birth for the aristocratic life, Smith ruled his household with hireless mastery. Once, while he was eating breakfast with Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, he watched the lamp under the hot water kettle falter and die. When the missionary wanted to relight it, Smith stopped him and angrily summoned his personal manservant. "Remember, James," he said, "You have only certain duties to perform. This is one. Never, under any circumstances, let such an omission occur again."

Such arrogance was particularly maddening to those who remembered Smith's inconspicuous background. He was born on Aug. 6, 1820, at Forres, a Scottish milling town. His adolescence was remarkably less influenced by his father—a tradesman clinging to solvency with alcoholic indecision — than by John Stuart, his uncle. Stuart had been second-in-command during Simon Fraser's pioneering exploration of the Fraser River's headwaters in 1808 and later became factor of the Hudson's Bay Company trading post on Lesser Slave Lake. Following his unspectacular graduation from the local grammar school, young Donald began to train as a clerk in the office of the town lawyer.

When he was eighteen, John Stuart came home on furlough and offered to recommend him for a junior clerkship

HERE IS *YOUR* COPY

For other members of your family and your friends, additional copies are available FREE at your B.F.Goodrich Dealer's where FACTS BOOKS banners are on display. Keep your copy of the Smileage Facts Book handy. Tear it out and put it in the glove compartment of your car. Use it for reference the next time you buy tires.

TIRES LOOK ALIKE . . . IS THERE REALLY A DIFFERENCE?

WEAR SIGNALS . . . AND WHAT THEY MEAN

DRIVING HABITS THAT MAKE TIRES LAST LONGER

age! FACTS BOOK

HOW TO GET THOUSANDS OF EXTRA MILES FROM YOUR TIRES

This B.F.Goodrich "Smileage! FACTS BOOK" explains these—helps you determine, accurately, "how to get your tire money's worth . . ."

in the Hudson's Bay Company. The year again necessitated capacity. In May 1858 a year after Queen Victoria had succeeded him amidst on the British throne Smith sailed for Canada.

Montreal at the time of his arrival was a puppy bush settlement with a population of barely thirty thousand its only patch of sidewalk the approach to Notre Dame Cathedral McGill University consisted of a medical faculty with two part time professors.

Smith's first job was counting muskrat skins in the drafty Hudson's Bay warehouse at Lachine for twenty pounds a year and all found. For three years he lugged around the stacks of pungent pelts. Then he was promoted to junior trader at Tadoussac an outpost at the mouth of the Saguenay.

Being forced to mingle away from a world he had just begun to know but where he felt the things in which he wanted to participate were happening, he began to feel the gnawing need for self assertion which never left him the previous which made him one of the most frigid aristocrats of his era had their roots here on his lonely treks through the Saguenay forests apparently for genius by his world.

When his Indian fought fire during the summer of 1847 Smith led the flames with his clothes and private papers, cackling incoherently in hopeless exhausted frustration. That fall he began to feel the symptoms of increasing snow blindness his requests for compassionate leave time after deadly denied.

When the schooner Minerva called at Tadoussac on his way to Montreal he deserted. After Montreal doctors had examined him and declared there was nothing wrong with his eyes Sir George Simpson the mountain Hudson's Bay governor punished Smith for breaking the rules by assigning him to the company's version of hell Northwest River a derelict trading post tucked into a clearing on the shore of Hamilton Inlet a hundred mile deep salt water gash in the frowning mountains of the uncaptured Labrador coast.

During his thirty years in Labrador Smith acquired the paradoxical investability to both hatred and loyalty which later allowed him twice to betray his political allegiances and to promote some of the toughest deals in Canadian business history. Yet the local Indians and Eskimos regarded him as much a benevolent monarch that after he became rich a delegation of Nascapees journeyed all the way to Montreal and demanded that Smith buy Labrador back out the Montagnais missionaries who followed him and became his king.

Dressed in a flannel shirt and homespun trousers Smith spent most of his northern appointment battering blankets and tobacco for furs. He established Labrador's first farm began the seal oil trade and experimented with salmon and mushmy exports. He married Isabella Hardisty an army officer's daughter who had come north with James Grant one of Smith's fellow traders but became Grant's wife without church or civil. A few months later she changed her mind and married Smith as her husband. The marriage was legalized half a century later in a secret ceremony at the British Embassy in Paris.

Sent to Labrador

Smith returned to England for a holiday in 1864 and so impressed Hudson's Bay officials in London that he was transferred out of Labrador to Montreal as the company's chief factor. Canada was then barely two years old. Electricity was still considered a risky innovation the telephone and typewriter had not yet appeared.

The bearded Labrador trader came to the company's Canadian headquarters just as the Canadian government completed its negotiations for the purchase of nineteen twentieths of the Hudson's Bay territories for $1,500,000. When the French halfbreeds who formed around Fort Garry in southern Manitoba were organized by Louis Riel to resist the transfer Sir John A. Macdonald sent Smith to investigate the uprising.

He reached Fort Garry on Dec. 27, 1869 and at a public meeting three weeks later proclaimed Ottawa's intentions to the suspicious settlers. After his return to Ottawa Smith recommended the armed expedition which the next spring restored law to the prairies. He also urged the establishment of a permanent semi military force in the region. This resulted in the formation of the North West Mounted Police predecessor of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Smith capitalized on his popularity with the Fort Garry settlers by winning the Winnipeg seat in the first Manitoba legislature. He became federal MP for Selkirk in 1871. But politics occupied little of his time. He was equally becoming one of the new dominion's most influential businessmen. While the transfer of the Hudson's Bay land made other shrewd dealers panic Smith who realized the value of the territories remaining to the company bought up enough shares at depressed prices so that he eventually acquired stock control in the company. His business reputation prompted many of the Hudson's Bay factors to send him their savings for investment. With these funds and his own growing fortune he invested control of the Bank of Montreal in 1887. For the next twenty seven years he was the bank's president backing many of Canada's most profitable early commercial enterprises. He personally bought a tannin mill at Cornwall and built a railroad rolling stock plant in Montreal.

Sensing that railway construction would quickly become the new dominion's most profitable business Smith became disinterested to obtain the charter to build the CPR. The government initially gave the contract to Sir Hugh Allan a Montreal shipowner but that plan exploded in parliament during 1873 when documents were leaked proving that Allan had contributed to Sir John A. Macdonald's campaign funds. The resultant fervid the resignation of Macdonald's regime but had he been able to gain parliamentary support, he would have picked his successor.

When the note that would determine the fate of Canada's first parliament was upperconhuip Smith was in the west. Because his position with the Hudson's Bay Company and his popularity with the prairie settlers had made him one of Macdonald's most powerful backbenchers the prime minister ordered him back to Ottawa. "Upon you" Macdonald wrote Smith "and the influence you may bring to bear may depend the fate of this administration."

Nov. 5 1873, the night of the crucial debate was a cheerless moon washed autumn evening. The galleries were packed visitors overflowed onto the floor of the House. At five minutes after one Smith rose. "I would be most willing to vote confidence in the government" he said as the tranny benches yelled support, "if I could do so conscientiously." Then speaking in the hushed tones of a judge pronouncing his verdict he dealt the death blow. "For the honor of the country no government should exist which has a shadow of suspicion resting on it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support."

Smith's speech nearly caused a riot in the House. Macdonald incoherent with rage, shouted at him "Coward! Mean treacherous coward!" Later he remarked to one of his cabinet ministers "I could lick that man Smith quicker than hell could lizzie a feather."

In the aftermath that followed Smith returned to the House as one of the most influential members in the Liberal government under Alexander Mackenzie. He won by a hundred and two ballots but his own narrowest margin in the next general election was ruled illegal. To guarantee victory he had temporarily inducted twenty-six Hudson's Bay families into his riding and bribed them to vote for him. A Manitoba judge Mr. Justice Betournay confirmed Smith in his seat but when a reporter discovered that Smith held a four thousand dollar mortgage on the judge's home a Supreme Court appeal reversed the decision.

Smith's parliamentary expulsion was humiliating but he was already devoting nearly all his time to railroading. He acquired the bankrupt St. Paul and Pacific Railway and extended its tracks into Winnipeg. Unknown to Macdonald he was the principal backer of the syndicate awarded the CPR charter in 1880. He organized the Canada North West Land Company to get the maximum profit from the company's land grants and participated heavily in the arrangement whereby the CPR directors sold themselves treasury stock at twenty five cents on the dollar ensuring personal profits even before the first locomotive was purchased.

Although Smith and the other CPR backers threw most of their personal fortunes into the project the price of flinging the tinsila across the continent had been so grossly underestimated that eventually only an appeal for a loan from the government could save the venture. It is to the government as to the penitentiary Smith remarked to a fellow director in one of his rare short sentences.

When Macdonald who had meanwhile returned to power was first approached about the CPR loan he flatly refused. But during the party caucus that followed Tory members agreed to vote the subsidy provided some way could be found to humiliate Smith for his treachery. In 1873 Smith was told that the CPR would get the money only if he agreed to run first a Montreal constituency in the next election but just as a Tory. His annoyed personal admiral Sir John A. Smith agreed. He returned to the House as the Conservative member for Montreal West but rarely attended the sessions.

Riel's second rebellion provided the transport business that finally saved the CPR. The railroad was completed on Nov. 7 1885. At Craigellachie a flag stop in the Monashee Mountains of B.C. Smith climbed off a work train to pound the last spike through an iron holding plate into the wooden tie. His first blow merely turned the head of the spike over. Roadmaster H. P. Brothers yanked it out and implanted it with a new one which Smith carefully tapped in with slow measured strokes. A year after the railroad's completion Smith was knighted.



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carefree motoring with AUTHORIZED SERVICE ALWAYS HANDY!

PARTS RENAULT SERVICE

It's not often you'll need to take your RENAULT Dauphine in for service! Nevertheless it's a comfort to know that there is always an authorized Renault dealer close at hand where expert Renault service and genuine Renault parts are available.

La RENAULT Dauphine—for economical, carefree motoring. Le RENAULT Dauphine—the family car that the family can afford.

only $1798 fully equipped at ports of entry

This suggested retail price includes all normal factory equipment at lowest delivered price. Local taxes, if any, are additional. Transportation charges, if any, are extra. Price may be slightly higher in the Province of Quebec.

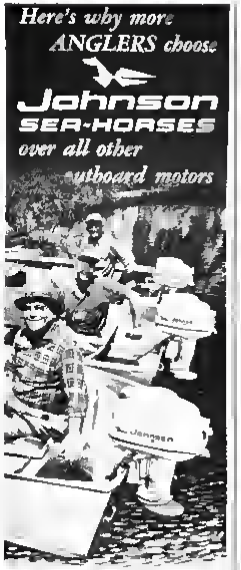


AUTOMOBILES RENAULT CANADA LTÉE
8565 DEVONSHIRE ROAD—MONTREAL—QUE.

PARTS AND SERVICE COAST TO COAST



"CINCI" - LIGHT AS YOU LIKE IT !



Chill grey dawn or hot mid afternoon your new Take along Sea-Horse thermostatically adjusts to peak engine efficiency. New centralized controls twist grip handle, full gearshift in 10's and 5½'s make it easy for the lone fisherman to cast, troll or retrieve snagged lures while the motor's running.

New lighter, dent proof Fiberglas hoods clip on, flip off quickly for easy on the spot plug changes. No wonder more anglers choose a portable Take-along 10, 5½, 3 h.p. or an 18 h.p. Johnson, the most dependable, economical fishing motors ever made.

Ask about convenient terms on your choice of eight, white 'n' wonderful Sea-Horses from 3 to 50 h.p. at your Johnson dealer's. (He's listed in your telephone book yellow pages.) Write for colorful free literature and free copy of "Handbook for Weekend Skippers".

8 White 'n' Wonderful SEA-HORSES

* 7½ h.p. Electric	$413.01	* 18 h.p.	$462.00
7½ h.p. Manual	$421.00	18 h.p.	$521.00
* 5½ h.p. Electric	$343.00	5½ h.p.	$371.00
3½ h.p. Manual	$193.00	3 h.p.	$101.00

* Rust is sterling.
** Heavy duty generator available as necessary plastic sterling conversion kit available $13.00 $17.50
Zone prices slightly higher in some areas

ALL HORSEPOWER C.S.A.C. RATED
SALES & SERVICE EVERYWHERE BUT CANADIAN" 7510

Johnson
PETERBOROUGH CANADA MOTORS

A division of OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD.
Manufacturers of Lawn-Boy and Lawn-Cruiser power mowers
Canada's Largest Manufacturer of Outboard Motors

Afraid that he might swing behind the new Liberal leader Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Tories in 1898 appointed the seventy-six year-old financier-politician Canadian High Commissioner to the United Kingdom.

London society immediately adopted the former Labrador fur trader as its favorite colonial character. Queen Victoria called him "Big Labrador Lordship" or in kinder moods "Lamin Don old". "You talk with him" wrote A. G. Gardiner, editor of the London Daily News, "and it is as if Canada stands before you telling her astonishing story." When the Queen elevated him to the peerage in 1896 Smith chose as his official crest a beaver gnawing a maple tree. As "Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe in the County of Argyll and of Mount Royal in the province of Quebec and Dominion of Canada" he represented this country in London for eighteen years. His appointment paradoxically was extended both by the Liberal Laurier and the Conservative Borden.

He worked twelve hours a day. The lights of his office on Victoria Street burned late so often that the building was nicknamed "the lighthouse". During one holiday in rural England he began dictating letters to a newly hired secretary on Sunday morning. The assistant politely but firmly declared that he could not work on the Sabbath. Smith paced his room all day and promptly at midnight woke up his startled clerk with the command: "The Sabbath is now over. We must make haste with those letters!"

Finally in a position to compensate for the hardships of his decades in Labrador, Smith became Canada's most generous philanthropist.

He gave away twelve million dollars during his lifetime, one million dollars to his will. Easily his most dramatic gift—and probably the most deliberately spectacular action in his life—was his donation in 1908 of a fully equipped mounted regiment to help the British fight the South African War. Smith analyzed reports of the Boer successes against the seemingly drilled British infantry and quickly recognized the need for a mobile troop of mounted scouts. He offered a million dollars to raise Strathcona's Horse—an army of six hundred North West Mounted Police veterans. Volunteers unlimited a hundred adventurous Artesian cowboys, who offered to enlist their own horses. But Smith turned them down.

The publicity that surrounded the success of the Strathconas in the South African war gave Smith a world-wide reputation for philanthropy. Once a youthfully arrogant tramp walked into his London office and asked for a handout because he claimed to be the son of the man who had driven the young Smith to Aberdeen, when he had left home to sail for Canada. He was given a five-pound note. Next day he was back. He received more money. But when he was announced again, Smith quietly told his secretary: "Give the gentleman another five pounds and tell him he need not return. You may add that his father did not drive me to Aberdeen. I walked."

Smith's will provided generously for his family as well as dividing nearly six million dollars among Canadian and British universities and hospitals. He also set up the half million-dollar Strathcona Trust for Physical and Patriotic Education in Canada, which still operates out of Ottawa allocating about thirty thousand dollars a year for school basket equipment and scholarships to physical training instructors.

The supreme snobbery of Smith extended beyond the grave. His will directed that money be set aside for the establishment of a legal nobility "but it had a strict entrance requirement: only heroic British gentlemen of good standing could be admitted. ★

This article is excerpted from Flame of Empire to be published later by Longmans Green & Co.





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The high and mighty Mackenzie

Continued from page 21

at Norman Wells which produces thirteen hundred barrels of oil a day and intends to petroleum products for the lower and middle river apart from a small trade to Indians and mammals and the Eskimos mine on Great Bear Lake will soon be closed down—the tiny Mackenzie settlements return virtually nothing in exchange for the goods they receive. To speak of the "Mackenzie Empire" as was fashionable fifteen years ago at the time of the Canol Project is meaningless today.

Yet this apparently useless river fascinates the imagination more than does any stream in Canada and if it were more accessible tourists would flock to it. But accessible—in the tourist sense of the word—the Mackenzie emphatically is not nor can there ever be provisions for a tourist trade. To reach the river most people fly from Edmonton to Fort Smith and if they wish to travel on it, and not merely fly over it they must become guests of the Northern Transportation Company which packs up loads from the head of steel at Waterways on the Athabasca River, freights them down into Lake Athabasca and then down the Slave River to the portage at Fort Fitzgerald where the cargoes are hauled twenty-six miles by truck to the Company's camp at Bell Rock. From here the cargoes go down the Slave and across Great Slave Lake to Yellowknife, or down the lower Mackenzie to Hay and supply Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Wrigley, Fort Norman, Norman Wells, Fort Good Hope, Arctic Red River, Fort McPherson, Aklavik, Remdeer Depot and Tuktoyaktuk which is locally known as Tuk or Tuk-Tuk. At the present time Aklavik, the most northerly town in the Commonwealth, is being moved to another site in the delta. Hitherto called East Three it will be known in future as Inuvik. Beyond the delta, of course, are Dawson and Whitehorse.

But here is a paradox: once you reach the Mackenzie, the very nature of the country compels you to know it more intimately than anyone in the conventional age is ever likely to know a settled stream like the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence. Below Fort Providence there are no roads along the river and the story that the airplane supplies the major means of transportation is a legend. Light freight and passengers are flown regularly by CPA to nearly all the posts, and bush pilots and helicopters are common enough. But the heavy freight goes down the river in barges. The night barge tow on which I traveled in late August and early September of last year, starting at the Hall Rock Camp carried some twenty-six hundred tons of freight, its inventory covering everything from fresh oranges and canned goods to half dozens and dog toboggans. It took ten days and three separate tugs to move this load to Norman Wells and two more tugs and another week before the last barge reached its final destination at Tuktoyaktuk on the Beaufort Sea.

The thumping roar of the diesel engines—this is the true voice of the modern north and without it you would be helpless in that country. One evening, standing alone on the apron of the foremost

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TASTES GOOD
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barge at ann tow the low banks barely visible because the stream was so wide. I wondered what I would do if I missed my footing and fell overboard. There is no guardrail on the barges. Then engine noise would drown my voice, nobody in the wheelhouse could see me go, and I would probably not be missed until morning. Even if I survived the shock of the cold water and swam ashore, what would I do in a country like this? Try to walk a hundred miles along the silt of the bank to the next settlement, or wait for the air search? And would a bush pilot ever see a creature as small as a man in that colossal setting? But the diesel thumps on and you relax and begin to grumble about the slowness of the pace. Curve after curve, island after island, a huge river in a land emptier than the sea.

Schedules as we know them in the south mean little along the Mackenzie. There are rapids in the river, just like rapids like the Long Sault but sleek swirls of fast water where the channel swings from shore to shore and only a skilled pilot can find it. When a barge tow reaches a rapid it must be broken into two sections and relayed through. This means that one half of the tow is moored to trees at the head of the rapid while the other half is taken down by the tug and moored at the foot. Then the tug hitts back upstream for the rest of its load.

Treacherous lakes

The reason for this relaying of rapids is not because rocks may rip the bottom out of the barges. It is because the curves of the channel are so sharp and the currents so swift that not even the four rudders of a thousand horsepower tug can keep control of a normal load. It took Captain Banks Swenson of Radium Yellowknife less than an hour to take three heavy barges down the Providence Rapids. It took him more than three hours to inturn against a ten knot current mooring light. It took Radium Charles Captain Peterson only six hours to take three barges down the sixty miles of swift current below the entry of the Blackwater River returning, for the remaining five barges of the tow took twelve hours. And to all that time the only sign of life I saw along the shore was a solitary eagle on top of a tree.

The rapids are not the sole cause of delay on the Mackenzie route. Those huge water patch pits called Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake are much crosses in more ways than one. In the spring and fall sudden frost may catch a tow far from shore and lock it to first spring. Captain Albert Imy in Radium King was frozen into Great Slave Lake for over a week. Even more unpredictable are the winds that knock across the bush prairie and turn the lakes into angry inland seas with steep waves wolfying against the sides of ships so that they can turn one of those shallow tugs end over end inside a second. Great Slave is larger than Lake Erie and on it the tugs do not push they really tow. The barges are strung out behind them on wire cables and are spaced so distantly that no swings. Great Slave tow is longer than the Queen Elizabeth. If the wind blows hard the captain must lie up at Key Delta (the outlet of the Slave River) for days or even as long as a week. If caught by a sudden storm in deep water they must weather it as best they can. Recently on Lake Athabasca an unusually violent autumn storm caught the tug Clearwater and imprisoned it and part day an air search found the barges stationary in the lake secured by an anchor weighing more than a hundred tons. The anchor was the Clearwater itself, beam-ended on the bottom with all hands drowned.

But these dramatic occurrences are rare along the Mackenzie system. Monotony, majestic monotony is the rule on nearly all the tows. Past narrow, interminable islands, the barges go down at the average pace of seven knots, the cold clean water below and overhead the enormous sky. Day after day and night after night they push their mountains of merchandise through the wilderness of the Northwest Territories. In high summer it never gets dark and below Fort Good Hope the sun never sets within a period of several weeks.

In this season the muse of the river is a plague of flies as bad as any of the plagues of Egypt. Flies have a bright smile on the legs are spotlessly white and when the tows put into the posts to discharge cargo those pretty things are sometimes black with a coat of quivering insects. When they move out again into the stream the deckhands have to hose them off. By the second week of August the flies are nearly all gone — the only ones I encountered were in a swamp at Fridley Harbor — but new navigation is more difficult because there are five six and at the end of the season twelve hours of darkness. Still the tugs travel day and night for they are equipped with better radar sets than the average merchant ship at sea and standing in the darkened wheelhouse you can see when sections of the river mapped out on the screen.

You rise at five thirty in the morning and eat a huge northern breakfast of fingerjacks bacon eggs toast and coffee and seven cups so fast there is no time for talk. The long morning passes until the noonday meal consisting of soup hot meat and vegetables and all the pan you can hold. The watches change in the wheelhouse the deckhands sleep, loaf through old magazines or simply watch the banks glide by until five forty five, when the gong summons the crew to the galley and another of those huge northern meals. Then the long, long evening, a sunset so lonely it can haunt you and often it the stars and possibly the blaze of the aurora.

It is slow frustrating, and amazingly beautiful going down the Mackenzie. From Fort Rock to Norman Wells on an eight barge tow takes you twice as long as from New York to Southampton on a fast Canadian. When you leave the tow your muscles quivering from the diesels you may not know much about the Mackenzie but you do have some notion some tiny inkling of what it was like in Canada when the only means of communication west of Montreal was that network of rivers which enabled the voyageurs to paddle from Lachine to Bella Coola and from Chipewyan to what Alexander Mackenzie called the Frozen Ocean.

It is not easy for me to write about this river because I have so much respect for the men who live beside it or work on it. At my first meal at the Fort Rock camp I discovered how much the Mackenzie people resent strangers like myself who come to describe their life. A man smiled at me and said "I suppose you'll go back and write the usual bull?"

What he meant I guess was that the people who truly know this country have had to pay a price for that knowledge while the writers who come here are only tourists. I thought of Charles Camsell who was Canada's deputy minister for mines for many years and was born at Fort Simpson where the Liard enters the

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"Those who are most resented are the ones who pretend that the true northwesterners are violent"

Mintzberg more than a mile wide from the west. In his Son of the North Camsell tells what it was like here when he was a boy. When he went to school in Winnipeg he had a travel sightseeing hundred miles by York boat, portage and oxcart. Once on the Peel River he was nearly driven mad by the mosquitoes which still are a barrier there. Once on his way up the Laird to the Klondike he almost starved. Once above Great Bear Lake he was nearly murdered by Eskimos. Charles Camsell died in Ottawa last December.

I think now of Captain Stefansson whom was so kind to me personally and all his unconscious humility as typical of people in that country. He has piloted ships up and down the river for years and is supposed to know every hidden rock between Fort Smith and Lake Three. But as Norman Wells he said "You must meet Augus Shirwood here. He really knows this country." I did meet him, and in his presence I felt impudent to be on a writing job. Jon Mr. Sherwood knows the country better than Camsell did. He told me only one story out of a million stories how once, with a dog team, he was under an aurora so intense, so chilling, that it cast violent shadows to right and left and the dogs whined and refused to work. Why had he not written the story of his experiences? It was impossible, he told me, and in any case he had been too busy living them.

Those who are most resented are those who pretend that the true northwesterners are violent and that their life is primitive. They are not violent and their life is civilized. Charles Camsell's father, in his post at Fort Simpson in the last century, owned a large library and an English billiard table. The cook at Radium King, and an excellent cook he was, had read most of the English classics. Frank Kiss, chief radio operator for the RCAF on the Lower River, left school young but taught himself a most difficult trade and now he often flies a thousand miles to repair a single radio set when I met him he was reading The Brothers Karamazov. Some of the Indian priests with French, Irish and Scottish names have faces Rembrandt would have traveled far to paint. I remember Chris Jacobsen, a former skipper now ashore at Bell Rock, who talked as an equal to U.S. Supreme Court Justice Douglas when the judge visited the region a short while ago. Steve Bessaghe working under him in the loading operation had manners that would make him welcome anywhere he might choose to go. I never saw a man in charge of workmen more courteous than Joe Burke, chief of the operations at Bell Rock. Remembering how things used to be in the Maritimes lumber camps when I was a boy—the pork and beans, the salted fish and the fist fights—I thought that these ships and camps of the northwest are the best possible measure of how far this country has advanced in kindness and prosperity in the past forty years. The chief qualification for a man on the modern Mackenzie is that he be a nice fellow. No environment could possibly be better for a student working his way through college or for a young man starting life. One such youth I met working as passenger on Radium Queries. He had come out from England only last spring, had been unable to find a job in the cities and had gone north. I have seldom seen a young man whose ultimate success seemed more assured than his.

I was always being surprised by the delicacy of the men's feelings in those camps and on those ships where there are no women. Steve Koob, a carpenter at Bell Rock, said to me the first time I ate across from him at the mess hall: "If you ever drink Mackenzie water you'll always come back." Steve told me he first heard it from a sister of charity in Fort Norman. An elderly man I met on a dredge at Wrigley harbor, formerly owner of a small garage in Winnipeg, said to me one twilight: "Up here the door of the world is closed on us all. Everything seems to fall into its proper place, and thank God there are no newspapers." There is even graciousness on the Mackenzie in the few places where there are women. One of the most striking living rooms I ever saw in Canada was in the house of James McMillan, manager of the refinery at Norman Wells. Mrs. McMillan grew beautiful delphiniums—yes, delphiniums flourish here only a degree below the Arctic Circle—and the conversation that night was the kind you would find in comfortable living rooms in London, New York or Montreal.

But to return to the river. One man I met, disparaging of anyones ability to tell what this region is like, advised me to stick to the facts. But this is not so easy as it sounds for there is disagreement about some of the basic facts concerning the whole region. What actually is the Mackenzie River?

Around 50 to most maps the Mackenzie begins at the eastern end of Great Slave Lake and flows almost directly west for two and a half days' journey to the Camsell Bend where the six thousand foot Mackenzie Mountains rise out of the bush prairie and abruptly marshal the stream to the north. It is this long sweep testimony that saves the Mackenzie from being similar though the inland rivers cutting. Norman Wells cuts close to the centre of Baffin Island the Mackenzie is many warmer than the eastern north owing to the mild westerly airs. Splendid trees—spruce, fir, aspen, willow and birch—flourish all the way down to the delta. Winters are not much milder than in the Laurentians and where the soil is scientifically prepared as on the experimental farm at Fort Simpson vegetables grow magnificently in the long sunlight of the short summers. John Gilroy, director of the farm, told me he has had success with every important grain and vegetable grown in Canada.

Difficult definition

There is no argument about facts like these, but about the larger facts there is quite a lot. How long, for instance is the Mackenzie?

A booklet published in 1957 by the Division of Building Research of the National Research Council has the following paragraph:

"The Mackenzie River rises in the Rocky Mountains as the Athabasca River and flows into Lake Athabasca. It leaves as the Slave River and flows into Great Slave Lake. It then leaves as the Mackenzie River and flows to the Beaufort Sea. The total length of the river is 2,635 miles. It is the twelfth longest river in the world and the seventh in flow being exceeded in the western hemisphere only by the Amazon and the Mississippi."

But is this—even this—all there is to the Mackenzie? The next question is, what is the Slave River?

Both river and lake of the same name were discovered in 1771 by Samuel Hearne who christened them after the Slavi Indians of the region. But Hearne never knew that the Slave is virtually a continuation of the Peace. So if you add the Peace to the combination of the often streams together with the sections of Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake traversed by the barges you will get the fourth largest river in the world unless the same method of measurement can be applied to lengthen some streams in Siberia and South America. Nor in even this all there is to the system of waters. Great Bear River, navigable for shallow craft, links to the Mackenzie the largest lake which is wholly located in Canada. As for the area drained by the Mackenzie the maximum estimate given for it is 682,000 square miles, a region more than two and a half times the size of Texas and more than thirteen times the size of England.

I have often been lucky in my life but seldom lucky than in the chance which made Dr. Morris Zaslow my companion on the Mackenzie. A veteran of the RCAF at present a lecturer in history at the University of Toronto, Morris often amazed old northern hands by his encyclopedic knowledge of things canning, even though this was the first time he had actually visited it below Fort Chipewyan. He also became my nurse for I was in pain most of the time and for a comical reason. On Great Slave Lake we ran into heavy weather and I woke on a cot in the crew's quarters with a crash and saw the deck at a fifty-degree angle. Another crash followed and the angle shifted to the other side. Thinking the ship was foundering, I jumped out of my bedroll and up the ladder but all I saw topside was the little Radium King gallantly rolling her scuppers under, her low stretched out nearly half a mile behind her and the sea so heavy I would have been tossed overboard had I not grabbed a stanchion. Chief Albert Tiny was at the wheel and I knew we were in good hands but Albert could not keep the King from leaning like a man in that sea. I staggered below and it was only then that I discovered what had happened. The rolling had broken first one leg of my bed then the other. The shock had also thrown my back into a spasm which gave me a bursitis ache for days afterwards. Morris comforted me through all this.

He also showed me the significance of one of the most bizarre nights I ever saw anywhere. One sunset while we were waiting at Bell Rock for gas we were about to start we walked in the mauve trying to digest the huge meal we had just eaten. The sun was simmering, across the flat bush and Morris suddenly let out a shout and pointed. I turned and saw



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at the head of the portage that comes twenty-six miles from Fort Fitzgerald the flank of a white ship emerging gigantically out of the green bush.

"There," said Morris, "is the modern north!"

For years the portage around the Fort Fitzgerald rapids had been one of the toughest in the whole of Canada. Voyageurs had stumbled across it devoured by the biting flies for which it still is notorious. In the York boat era the heavier boats were put on wheeled cradles and hauled across by oxen. But now the Northern Transportation Company after lengthening the old portage by another ten miles down to Bell Rock was using cat-tracks to haul their barges across. Cat-tracks portaged the tugboats also, even the three-hundred-ton Radium Dew which is equipped with an echo-sounder and is the largest boat on the river. The vessel we saw that night was the seventy-five-ton Dumit, and a pair of cat-tracks and a pair of trailers mounting forty-eight wheels had dragged the ship from Fitzgerald in less than eight hours. Six days later the Dumit sailed past us around the Camsell Bend.

"A searchlight gone mad"

But the essential Mackenzie is still primeval. "This is God's river!" I murmured one morning at Wrigley harbor where the Lower Mackenzie begins, and recorded the fact that if I ever wrote such a phrase it would look corny. I was alone in the wheelhouse of a government dredge, for the night previous Morris and I had been deposited there by Radium King which had to leave its tow and depart across Great Slave Lake to Yellowknife. There had been a radio blackout for days and the tugs could only guess at one another's whereabouts. We had hoped to rendezvous with Captain Svensson's Radium Yellowknife at Res Delta, but had found the delta vacant. Then we had hoped to find her at Wrigley Harbor, but had found nothing except this dredge. With the hospitality of the north her captain took us in and fed us. But there was only one vacant bunk in the little houseboat and the only other sleeping place was a cot in the wheelhouse. Morris and I tossed; he got the bunk and I got the wheelhouse, so I was alone when I awoke that morning.

Never in my life did I see such a sunrise. The sky was a flat roof, livid and sinister, and it lay oppressively over the flat water and the dark green of the limitless bush. Suddenly in the east a blaze of orange tore a jagged rent in the sky and the sunrise poured through between the sky and the water like a searchlight gone mad. It tore another rent in the west and traveling on into a sea of golden glory, and the whole sky took fire all at once. A minute before it had been like the sky painted by El Greco over Toledo; now it was Turner's sky over the Thames estuary—but bigger, lonelier, more beautifully terrifying. Then with savage abruptness both holes in the sky closed, the fire died out and it was almost dark, and I saw the shadow of an arrowhead of invisible geese flash along the dim surface of the water.

For millions of years spectacles like these have occurred at this section of the river at this season, watched by creatures no more sentient than mosquitoes, black flies, bulldog flies, gulls, geese, ducks, ravens, eagles, pelicans, moose and bear. What lay to the northwest I did not yet know, but I did know that a man would have to travel more than a hundred miles back across the

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southwestern arm of Great Slave Lake before he would encounter another human being in that direction, and him a white-haired hermit with a face like Jacques Maritain's, who lived in a shack with two dogs beside the water at Res Delta. In a moment of panic I wondered if human beings are necessary on earth. Here was this colossal land, here the wild beauty, here the huge inland sea to the south and northward the great river going down through the wilderness to the most useless of all the world's oceans. "For God's sake!" I muttered. And with a wry wonder I said again, "Well, it's certainly for nobody else's sake."

Then I remembered Alexander Mackenzie.

The spot where I saw that fantastic sunrise is historic. It is the place—at least approximately—discovered by Alexander Mackenzie in the June of 1789 after days of searching for the great river which Peter Pond had believed to be north of Chipewyan. Both Pond and Mackenzie hoped that this river, if anyone could find it, might turn out to be the Northwest Passage to the Pacific Ocean. For centuries the Passage had been the goal and the inspiration of exploration's most brilliant and continuous effort. Cartier and Humphrey Gilbert had sought it, so had Frobisher, Franklin, Hearne and scores of lesser men. In the minds of all the leaders of the Northwest Company was the dream that to them might be granted the supreme privilege of reaching the final goal.

All winter in Chipewyan the young Alexander Mackenzie prepared for his effort, and behind him were the labors and triumphs of some of the boldest spirits who ever lived on this continent. Moving out of Montreal along the rivers, Champlain had discovered the lakes. Then LaSalle had gone beyond and traveled down the Mississippi to the Gulf. Marquette and Joliet, Radisson and La Verendrye—the work of these and scores of other voyageurs were behind Mackenzie that winter in Chipewyan.

At the beginning of the first week in June 1789 he set out from the fort in a canoe manned by himself, four French Canadians, one German and the Indian wives of two of his voyageurs. The voyageurs' names should be known and remembered: François Barrieu, Pierre de Lorme, Joseph Landry, Charles Ducette and John Steinbruck. They quickly descended the Slave, waited several days for the lake to be free of ice and entered it. After many days of searching they at last discovered the outlet of the unknown stream hitherto mentioned as *la grande rivière en haut*.

This was one of the supreme voyages of inland exploration in the history of North America. Mackenzie's river slides clean and cold off the top of Great Slave Lake at a velocity of five miles an hour with whirl-like eddies and rising fish, and at once it becomes fierce and absolutely masterly. Down it the party went day after day, the current sweeping the canoes along. Mackenzie discovered the outlet of the Liard; he left his canoe long enough to climb the first range of the mountains which now bear his name, but he drove his men hard because he knew that his time was short. Most of the Indians whose camps they saw fled at their approach, and the few he talked to warned him against the terrible Eskimos at the river's end. Mackenzie saw the mother-of-pearl light of the upper region change to the Indian gold of the middle river. He passed the glowing lignite which still burns near the site of Fort Norman. He went down through the gorge now called the Ramparts of the Mackenzie, where the river in places is two hundred feet deep and pours satin-smooth between vertical cliffs of limestone gorgeously colored and only five hundred feet apart. He passed the mouths of all the tributaries and finally, reaching the delta, he knew that whatever else this stream might be, it was not the Northwest Passage to Asia.

This fantastic delta of submerged and emergent islands, of confused channels abounding in muskrats and mosquitoes, an area a hundred miles long and seventy miles wide at its seaward end, can be seen properly only from the air. Somehow Mackenzie found his way through it to salt water and saw whales, and believing now that there was no Northwest Passage anywhere, he thought of his discovery as the River of Disappointment.

Then began the long voyage back. Having felt a thousand-horsepower diesel straining against these currents and making only three knots, I find it impossible to imagine how that tiny party found the physical strength and the moral stamina to track their canoe back through the Ramparts and the rapids and against the constant current for a distance of more than a thousand miles. But they did it. Mosquitoes ate them, their feet sank into the silt and slipped on the slimy permafrost, their ropes caught on abutments of rock and the fallen trees that litter the shores. Yet they tracked upstream so

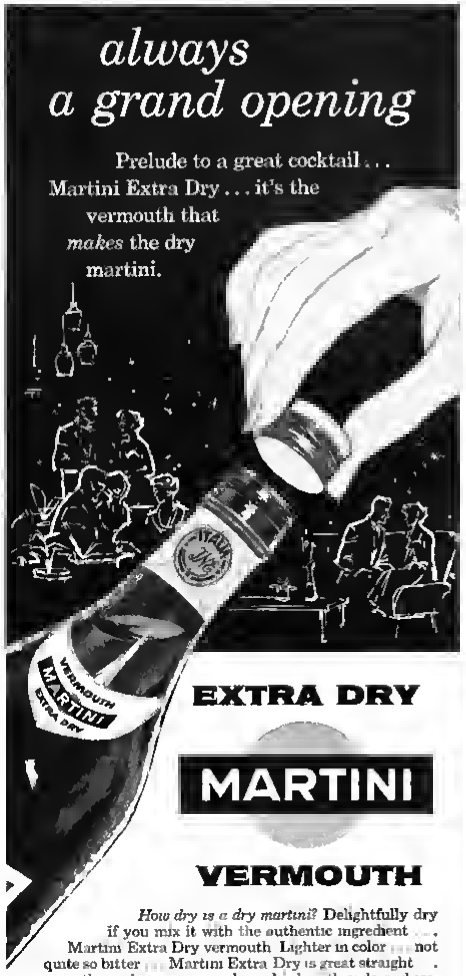
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fast that they were back at Chipweyan within 102 days of their departure. This was a feat which staggers the modern imagination but to the men who traveled in early Canada it was not even remarkable.

Alexander Mackenzie, as everyone knows, shortly afterwards became the first white man to reach the Pacific overland, predating the Americans Lewis and Clark by more than a dozen years. In order to do this he employed one part of the system of waters which now bears his name, traveling into the Rockies by way of the Peace. On the rock at Bella Coola, in a mixture of vermilion and grease, he inscribed his famous tinder statement: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety three." It is right and proper that our longest river should beat the record of one of our greatest men. It is right and necessary that we should remember that men like Alexander Mackenzie stand behind the Canadian nation. ★

My most memorable meal No. 47



Leslie Bell

recalls

The sirloin that broke my snowbound fast

On a Saturday morning in December, 1946, I woke up in a railway sleeper bound for Montreal. It was an important day in my life—a day that was to bring an end to years of grueling study and midnight oil. At 10 a.m. I was to face the musical faculty of the University of Montreal in a final oral examination for my doctor of music degree.

My watch told me it was 8:30 a.m. The train was obviously a bit late, but I could feel it slowing up so I assumed we must be just about there. I pulled up the window blind. Yes, we were at a station—all right, but it wasn't Montreal. It was Oshawa, just about thirty miles out of Toronto.

At this point the smiling face of the porter peered into the berth. "No hurry about getting up, suh," said he cheerfully. "Got a long way to go yet. Heavy snow on the tracks all the way to Montreal."

My heart sank as I visualized six solemn music professors waiting impatiently in an examination room. Why did we have to have a snow storm on this day? "But there's nothing I can do about it," I murmured. "I might as well go into the diner and have a good breakfast."

"No diner on this run," smiled the porter. "This is a night train." I had forgotten about that. "I see," I said. "Well then, you'd better tell the sandwich boy to watch for me when he comes through."

"No sandwiches, suh. Like I said, this is a night train."

The years have not dimmed my memory of that train ride. For nearly eleven hours we crawled across the country at tortoise speed battling the snow. It was soon evident that there was not a scrap of food on the train. Why none was brought aboard at the stations we passed I never found out. All I know is that by seven o'clock, when we pulled into Montreal's Windsor Station, I would willingly have eaten a meal of parsnips and lima beans (than which there is nothing more dreadful).

But there was no time to eat anything. I hailed a taxi and headed for the university real by expecting that it would be open at that hour. I was mistaken, however. I found the dean of the faculty reading a newspaper in his office and looking a bit weary. "I heard about the train," he said. "The rest of the faculty went home at two o'clock but I thought I'd wait. Let us proceed."

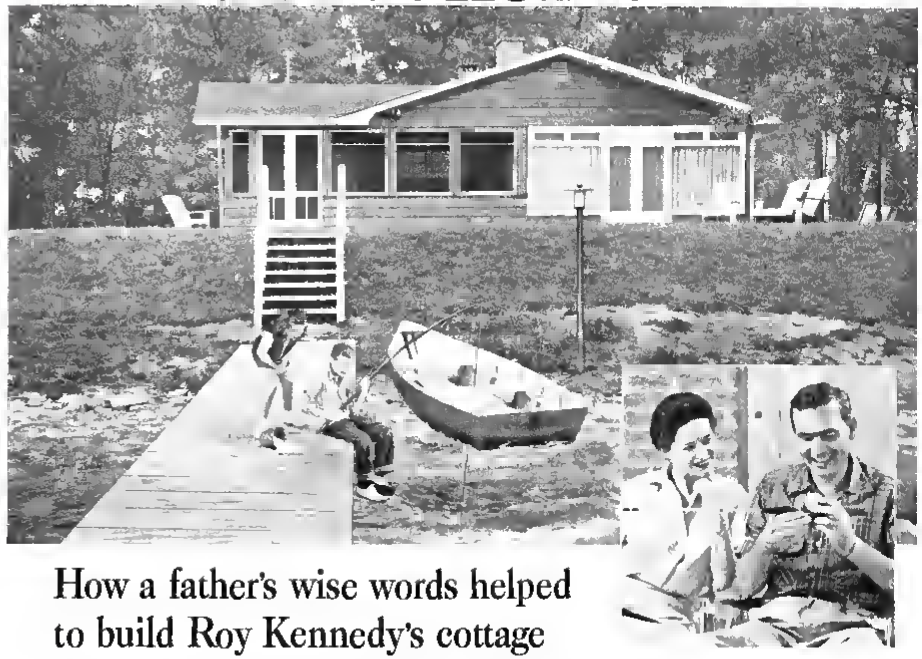
He gave me my oral examination all by himself. I don't remember too much about it. While he quizzed me on canon and fugue all I could think of was T-bone and French fries and when he asked me what I knew about Rossini I told him eloquently that Rossini was the finest cook of any composer who ever lived. I finally staggered from his office to find a telephone call waiting for me from a friend who knew I was coming to Montreal. "I've been trying to reach you all day," he said. "We haven't started dinner yet and are wondering if you'd care to join us." I didn't answer but slammed down the receiver and ran for another taxi.

Three quarters of an hour later I sat down in the restaurant as my host dug a carving knife into a huge sirloin of beef while his good wife piled my plate high with roast potatoes, string beans and squash. That's one meal I'll never forget and, judging by the looks of amazement on the faces of the family as they watched me demolish it, I don't imagine they ever will either.

PS. I passed the examination.

DR. BELL IS A MUSIC COLUMNIST IN DIRECTOR OF THE LESLIE BELL SINGERS.

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TERYLENE

"Many of the time-worn parental attitudes about child-rearing seem to be hopelessly inadequate"

school teacher who was forever demanding silence from his charges. "Now children," she would say, "let's all be quiet as little mice." This trouble was, she was teaching a class of children not mice and at that age a child must express himself with noisy exuberance.

Enforcing discipline sometimes involves punishment. My feeling is that a child should never be struck or slapped. All too often such action represents nothing but an outlet for the parent's anger and it is almost never effective in improving the child's behavior. I once made a study of five thousand children who had been whipped—and by that I mean at least three successive blows—and I did not find a single case where such action was worth anything. At almost any age level praise for good performance is far more effective than punishment for bad.

In studying thousands of cases involving maladjusted homes I have come to the conclusion that parents often expect too much of their children too soon. Everybody wants his child to be a paragon, brave, truthful, unselfish, honest, industrious, and cheerful. Few of us attain all of these attributes no matter how long we live. It is rather unrealistic to expect them all of a child who is just groping his way out of the mists of nothingness into a complex and difficult world.

It would help if more parents learned themselves with what achievement levels children can be expected to reach at different ages. Excellent books on this subject exist. If parents would study such books they would not make themselves and their children miserable by demanding or expecting more than the slowly unfolding personality can give.

Many of the time-worn parental attitudes about child rearing seem to me to be hopelessly inadequate. Take for example the widespread convention that assigning absences to a child will make him industrious. Unless the child is given reasons that he can understand and that seem fair to him, such arbitrary demands are more likely to arouse resentment and hostility than any burning enthusiasm for work or for helping other people. The best way to introduce children to absences is to start out by doing the chores with them. Then the task becomes a point of contact between the parent and child instead of a possible source of friction.

Another somewhat revolutionary conclusion I have come to is that many parents become much too excited about the academic grades that their children make or fail to make at school. A normal child will get reasonably good grades so long as he is adequately motivated—that is, has good and sufficient reasons for getting them. If he does not, the thing to do is to try to find out why—not to scold or nag or threaten.

Sometimes a child will do badly at school just to annoy or defeat his parents. This attitude is not limited to children. Much negative behavior in adults can be traced to an unconscious desire for revenge.

Where school grades are concerned, a parent should give the impression that he hopes the child will do well and that



"Oh all right! The right hand?"

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'59 DODGE

he will be pleased if he does but that the heavens will not fall if he doesn't. The worst thing a parent can do when a child has made an effort and achieved some improvement is to say "Well this is all right but why don't you do still better?" This sort of reaction gives the child the impression that he will never be able to please no matter how hard he tries, and he may well begin to ask himself what is the use of trying.

It is true that some children especially teen-agers reach a point where they represent a serious disciplinary problem. Teen agers are seething with energy and if it is not channelled into constructive activities, it will find other outlets. But the problem of delinquency which receives so much attention in the press is limited to a very small minority. Even in New York City where living conditions are often appalling, only three per cent of all juveniles have a record of disciplinary. Considering the cultural pressures of our society we are lucky that the percentage isn't much higher.

After them it gets up to their own way—this in the best course that a parent can follow and often the most difficult one. It is terribly hard for parents to realize that the plant who was so helpless and appealing whom they bathed fed put to bed the toddling child whose life was completely dependent on them is growing up and becoming a complete separate individual with thoughts and attitudes and ambitions of his own. But somehow this realization must be achieved.

Years ago I remember a precocious girl entered Columbia College at the age of thirteen. A magazine asked her to write an article on parent child relationships. One of the things she said was "Parents should have their children love them and then leave them."

Every parent should guard against unconsciously trying to make a child a projection of his own life. Time after time I see in my office parents who are really trying to relive their broken ideals and rebuild their own shattered aspirations in their children. This is a hopeless mistake because the child is a personality in his own right and may be totally different from the parent. Either he will struggle and resist this attempt to force him into a mould or else he will become withdrawn and bitter and resentful. Either way the parents are the losers.

You do not have to be an expert in child psychology to know when things are not going well in the emotional development of a child. Lack of ambition, lack of normal interest in things or people moodiness a tendency to be withdrawn and solitary—these are bad signs. So is excessive docility. A child who is always good who never gets into trouble who never talks back, is not a normal child.

A happy child is an eager and curious child. Sometimes a child is naughty may be shunned because he asks questions that seem offensive to the parent and is scolded for asking them. I think myself that a child of any age is entitled to all the information he can absorb or understand and curiosity should be encouraged not squelched. This includes a normal amount of curiosity about sex. Attitudes of extreme prudery on the part of the parents are often transmitted to children and later on can make their sex lives very unhappy.

Much has been said and written about the importance of companionship between parents and children. I think it is a fine thing so long as there is genuine interest on the part of the parents. If they are bored and indifferent or if they have to force themselves to do things with their children than they would do better to leave the children alone. The successive stages of a child's development his progress from a small speechless helpless scrap of humanity to a reasoning feeling producing individual is a miracle that should be a source of constant wonder to the people responsible for his entry into the world. Unfortunately this is not always the case. Under the grim pressure of everyday living, people lose that sense of wonder and they as one of the great miracles of mankind ★

This article was taken from a book Now or Never which is being published this spring by Prentice-Hall Inc.



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The complex riddle of missing persons continued from page 24

"The desire to vanish is usually born of bitterness and failure"

identity on a Montreal man discovered recently when he was found after being missing for twenty-five years. This debonair Enoch Arden first wanted to know how they had found him (he had talked about his earlier life to the neighbors) and then said casually: when the police reminded him of an outstanding warrant for his arrest on a non-support charge laid by his wife: "I don't have to pay after all this time, do I?" His dad

Henry

Dear Henry
Why do people disappear?

John

Dear John
The desire to vanish is rarely a romantic one. It is usually born of bitterness frustration failure immaturity and an attempt at partial self destruction. According to the social worker police officers and psychologists to whom I talked these people feel that by losing their identity they may lose their problems. They are often people who believe that happiness and success are a matter of geography. The chances are though that even if they assume the identity of a retired wing commander and take up residence in a well-staffed grass shack in the South Seas they will discover that the old familiar problems have somehow smuggled themselves aboard.

Some people attempt to disappear without physically taking off. They do it with drugs or drink or by an extreme kind of emotional withdrawal whereby they continue to live with their problems but refuse to admit they are there. Others of course are mentally ill and by going missing they are taking flight from not only the world but from themselves. It is not unusual for suicides to strip themselves of every vestige of identification.

Some of those people who might be judged weak or delinquent because of their desire to run away may be shown to have some pathological weakness which cannot yet diagnose said Miss Bessie Feinzel director of the Ontario Welfare Council. There are cases too where disappearance for a time has saved the fugitives sanity. She told of a case she dealt with as a social worker in an eastern city during the Thirties. This young couple had been plagued by lack of money bad luck and even tragedy. One of their children was badly hurt and another died all in the short space of two months. The wife became increasingly high-strung even hysterical as him delivered one blow after another. The husband appeared to be strong and calm through it all. Then one day he disappeared. After a couple of months he returned full of remorse. He told how under another name he had ridden the rods up and down and across the continent. This holiday from one kind of reality had been taken deliberately just short of his breaking point. Unfortunately his wife could never understand this and when they resumed their marriage she remained bitter.

Young husbands running away from one woman and often after another head the lists of vanishing Canadians. Women immobilized by the care of little children and a feeling of responsibility to them take off less frequently and when they do the action is usually as impulsive. Like the one that possessed a mother of four living in a small Ontario town. Convinced that she could no longer cope without more help from her husband she went to the bus station instead of the supermarket and spent an unhappy week in Toronto, plunged in her flight by the size of the city yet frightened by its impersonality and tortured by rumors. By the end of the week she was back home sick with worry about her children.

Teen-agers lured by the call of spring time and the open road are made restless by too much discipline or not enough make up the third largest group. One Toronto youth fourteen year-old Ronald Drinnkow who was suspended from school for smoking disappeared from his home for seventy five days. He was discovered working on a farm fifty miles away.

In Montreal the lull vies with the spring as a time for youngsters to go over the hill. Just after school starts the police receive many enquiries which frequently lead back to the camp where the youngster has spent a happy summer. He is

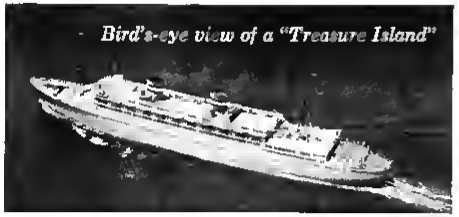


A small boy who has lost his father finds it difficult to understand sudden changes in his way of life. Why for example, must he go without the usual summer vacation?

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found holed up with a few cans of beans trying to prolong his vacation.

The smallest and most mysterious category is comprised of the few who vanish without apparent cause and without trace.

Canada's most famous missing person was Ambrose Small, the millionaire theatre-owner who, with an evening newspaper tucked under his arm, walked down a Toronto street and into oblivion one December day in twelfth in 1919. He had just made a two-million-dollar deal. While the city speculated on Small's fate the police grew weary of rushing to identify every body that was fished from Lake Ontario or found in a field. Finally they made a routine query that had the effect of sprinkling specular on before it got a foothold. "Does the body have hammer toes?" the police would ask. If not it could not be Ambrose Small's, for he had his minor deformity.

Three young women are also high on the list of Canadians who have vanished mysteriously. One of these is Mabel Crumback, nineteen, who disappeared from her home where she was spending the night alone with her brother, aged eight. Neighbors reported hearing a scream during the night but there were no signs of a struggle. Two years later, in January 1952, a former Montreal model, Huguette Lemay, walked away from her husband while they were fishing in the Florida keys and was never seen again. In December 1953 in Toronto, stenographer Marion MacDowell and her boy friend were held up by a hooded thug who surprised them in a parked car. According to his story, she was taken from the seat and stuffed in the trunk of another car. More than two thousand troops and Boy Scouts helped in the search and months later Robert Fish in the Famous Scotland Yard in spector, made his own investigation but no trace of her was ever found.

Occasionally tragic solutions to old mysteries are revealed as in the case of Earl Kirk, aged fifty and his thirty-one year-old wife who in 1940 set out from North Bay to drive to Brandon, Man.

They left their four month old daughter Kay with a housekeeper. They were last seen to be recognized when they stopped for gasoline outside Sudbury and drove off into the rain. The days, weeks and then the months passed with no word of the couple. Kirk who was the sales manager for an oil company had left his records in good order. The search gradually petered out.

Then car containing the skeletons of the couple was found in the St. Mary's River at Sault Ste. Marie in the fall of 1955. Kirk had apparently taken a wrong turning in the dark and had driven off the end of a dock into twenty feet of water.

Sometimes a family quarrel will lead to a disappearance. Eleven years ago Ross Nichol then twenty-three took his twenty-one-year old wife Effie and their infant son in a taxi from his parents' farm at Listowel to Toronto's Union Station where they boarded a train and disappeared. Ross left behind his share of the farm, a bank account and even his car. For eleven years his widowed mother and his three sisters looked for him without finding a trace. Shortly after his mother died last year, leaving her money away, $10 000 of her $75 000 estate, the Nichols were discovered with the help of a former Montreal woman, now living in Toronto. When the saw their picture in a Toronto newspaper she recognized them as the couple to whom she had rented a room years before in the New Brunswick city.

She and her husband left the Listowel farm where he had worked for his parents for wages and board, because the



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This letter from Mrs. L.G., Toronto gives good advice which may help you. She writes, "I injured my knee in a bad fall. Arthritis set in and was terrible, even worse at night. When I tried to sleep the pain was like toothache pushed in my knees and ankles. I like a balloon. Nothing helped me for 10 long weeks. Then I took a friend's advice and got DOLCIN tablets. I got a little relief the first day. In a few days I was feeling pretty good, getting a good night's rest, so kept right on with DOLCIN. When I hear of anyone suffering the pains of arthritis, rheumatism or sciatica, I am kindly apt to tell them about what DOLCIN did for me."
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pastor "wanted to break us up" said Mrs. Nichol. "They didn't think I was good enough for them."

Under the name of MacNichol they built a new and happy life for themselves in Moncton where Ross works as a stationary and refrigerator engineer. They've bought themselves a home and another car and they have two more sons.

Hundreds of enquiries from Europe come to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army as well as the police forces of the country many from behind the Iron Curtain ask for information about relatives. Some like Olga and her brother Ivan separated by war, were not even sure that the other was still alive. In their case, Olga made an enquiry through the Moscow Red Cross and her brother was traced to Toronto where he is now living. Failure to write in British leads to many worried queries from overseas. "The Scandinavians seem to be the worst offenders as correspondents," said one Salvation Army officer. "When I asked one why this was he gave me the novel explanation that they were so busy learning English that it soon became difficult to write in their native language."

Criminals are professional vanishers. Two men, both started on the RCMP's ten most wanted list were recently discovered after desperate attempts to change their appearance. Jack Hoylan, thirty-nine, who escaped from Collins Bay Prison in November of 1957, was picked up outside a Hamilton bank where he was parked with a kit of burglar tools and two pistols in his car. Hoylan had been for a plastic surgeon in the U.S., who had changed the shape of his prominent nose but his fingerprints sent him back to prison. Daniel O'Connor (alias Art Nelson) was wanted for the attempted murder of a Mountie whom in pistol whipped during an escape near Penticton B.C. in 1953. Nelson who was also on the FBI's wanted list, was picked up in San Diego on a theft charge. He had dyed his hair, grown a mustache and added eighty eight pounds, but his fingerprints gave him away.

Henry

Dear Henry
How are missing persons found?
John

Dear John

There is no central agency by which missing persons are sought in Canada. The International Red Cross with headquarters in Geneva and representatives around the world and the Salvation Army with offices in eighty five countries, provide a far-flung service which has reunited thousands of families. Since the war the Canadian Red Cross has received forty two thousand requests to trace missing persons believed to be in the country—and the Salvation Army gets more than a thousand a year, half of which are successful searches.

All requests for police help must originate with the local department which then calls on police forces in other cities, the provincial police and the RCMP for further assistance, depending on what leads develop. RCMP headquarters in Ottawa maintains a laboratory where artists simulate from descriptions the features of missing persons. Part of their work consists of reconstructing plaster-cast facsimiles of the living person from the facial bones of unidentified bodies. These are made by the crime laboratory primarily to determine whether or not the body is that of a wanted criminal but in some cases the features of missing persons have been able to make an identification from the plaster image.

In Toronto, for instance, four unidentified bodies were discovered last year. Before any search for a missing person can begin the police satisfy themselves that the plea for aid is a genuine one. They will not do any "skip tracing"—the pursuit of men and women who owe money—and they will not collect evidence for divorce cases. This work, together with some tracing of missing persons, is done by private investigators. Families who don't want to have the police making enquiries about their missing relative can hire a private detective for twenty-five to thirty five dollars a day plus expenses.

Even when the missing person is found the police are not bound to reveal the fugitive's whereabouts unless a bona fide search as non-support has been laid. They will usually advise their querry that he is coming on family a good deal of concern and suggest that he get in touch but if the runaway asks that his whereabouts be kept secret they will respect his request. The Salvation Army recently traced the mother of a man in England to a mental institution where she was suffering from an incurable affliction and was completely out of his mind. It was decided after much thought to report that the search had been unsuccessful.

Not long ago the Toronto police who unlike the Montreal department do not yet maintain a separate missing-persons bureau but spread work throughout the force, received a request from the Vancouver Province for a missing husband. The request had originated with his wife and was accompanied by a complete physical description, a fuzzy snapshot, details about his ethnic next of kin and the



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It's Tuesday and you both want a glass of *something nice* with the omelette,

It's Wednesday and there's just time for a quick snack before going to the movies,

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suggestion that he might be in Toronto when he was stationed during the war.

The police first checked their own records and the current population of the Don Jail for people who might be known to be recently served a short sentence. Hospitals were also checked.

He had not been in the city long enough to have his name in either the telephone book or the directory but these were checked as a matter of course. Next used-car dealers were visited to find out if he had sold the car he was believed to have brought east with him. At one of these lots the trail was picked up. The man had used his own name in selling the car but the address he gave proved to be useless. The next clue came from a doctor, an old friend of the family to whom the missing man had gone for treatment still using his own name. The doctor remembered the man had made a remark about the kind of goods he was selling and by checking all companies in this category the police found him.

He asked the police to say nothing about finding him because he didn't want his wife to know where he was. They complied with his request because there was no charge against him. His wife had not sued for support. She was just worried. She would have been more worried perhaps if she had known that he was in the middle of a complicated and dangerous deception that would have led to a serious charge.

In Toronto he had met the manageress of a restaurant and had represented himself as a widower. When she asked for proof he sent to the west coast for a copy of the death certificate of a young daughter who had died a few years earlier. With the help of nursing and a draftsman's pen he altered the document to read as his wife's death certificate. When the police advised him to get in touch with his family the missing man died and abandoned his bigamous plot.

Henry

Dear Henry

Now that you've been examining the motivations and the methods of missing persons how would you go about vanishing—for purely adventurous or romantic reasons, of course?

John

Dear John

Even though it's almost a sure sign that you're sick or a bad I guess most people have thought at times about what it would be like to take off with new baggage with new initials on the side. Certainly some of the Europeans who have come to this country since the war have taken the opportunity of making a new life with a new identity (and sometimes a new wife without bothering to get rid of the one in the Old Country) and thereby having two lives in the span of one. Lately I've been thinking quite a lot about how I would go about vanishing.

First I would change my name. We're so hedged about by records and signatures today that you'd be too easy to find if you gave your right name. A name can be legally changed for a cost of seventy-five to a hundred dollars but such a change must be advertised and this publicity would in itself be a handicap. It's hard enough to get lost without running ads about it.

I would go to a big city because people are less curious about neighbours in a metropolis. And if I wanted to make doubly sure I wouldn't be found I'd choose a city outside of Canada. It's not too difficult to get a birth certificate in another name and thence a passport.

I would change my habits, the social ones that would betray me. When Boyne Johnston, the Ottawa bank teller who recently stole $260,000, was picked up in Denver with most of his loot he had been given away by his licking for whom people, whom he ingratiated to order in the night clubs of that city. After all, I wouldn't be too great a sacrifice to switch drinks, grow a moustache and even start smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes.

I would never write to anyone in the old home town. That is an almost certain spoil to your new whereabouts. One of the leads that uncovered a Toronto man who disappeared with another man's wife leaving his own wife and children behind was a letter to his bank transferring funds.

And another precaution I would take would be to stay away from Denver. This Colorado city has always been bad luck for Canadians intent on vanishing. Not only was Johnston picked up there but several other murderers and fugitives, including Philip Ingram wanted on a bond theft charge, have been run to earth there.

You know I don't think it would be too hard to vanish if you wanted to get away from it all.

Henry

Dear Henry

How about coming into the office one day soon and we'll talk about this material you have gathered together.

John





British Columbia Forest Service Photograph

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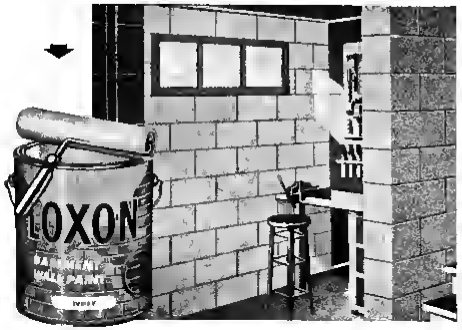


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The poet who outfought Duplessis

Continued from page 17

"One of the most ill-distributed commodities in this community," says Scott, "is justice"

and John Swatenan, the defendant in the Padlock Law test, have made him one of the best-known courtroom lawyers in the country. Since the Roncarelli decision he is petitioned several times a week on his school-office phone to secure the protection of the law for callers uncouraged by his reputation.

"In regretful" Scott recently ended one of these conversations in his measured French and turned away to remark "I'm convinced that one of the most ill-distributed commodities in that community is justice."

Scott's fourth field of fame is inturred in the unampagne incident only by his wit. He is by a humusing uhange of pace among the country's shurpest suthic poets. In the staff-knued but unexaggerated appraisal of the late E. K. Brown Scott's poetry is the "expression of a man who is living intensely on all levels, spiritual, intellectual, political and sensual."

An equally fervent admirer of Scott's intensity — although on rather different grounds, is the unbattled ex-restaurateur Frank Roncarelli. "In 1946, when my attorney Lou Stein and I were looking for counsel to help fight my case a mutual friend suggested Frank Scott. I didn't think there was a chance to get him but we asked him anyway. He came out with his sleeves rolled up and" Roncarelli adds, "I've been surprised and thankful ever since."

The fight Scott waded into turned on Duplessis' liability for his ordin to revoke Roncarelli's license not on the ordin itself. The facts, which were never in dispute were these. In two years Roncarelli had posted $83 000 in bail for 393 Juhovah's Witnesses arrested for breaking Montreal bylaws by distributing literature and preaching without ully permits. (Later in a test case fought over the legality of a Witness pamphlet called Quebec's Burning Hate, the Supreme Court ruled that the Witnesses have "absolute liberty" to indulge their beliefs.) A report of Roncarelli's prodigality as a Witness bondsman reached Duplessis, who told the then-chairman of the liquor commission, Edouard Archambault, to cut off Roncarelli's license.

For six months after Roncarelli was stripped of his license, Scott and Stein petitioned for the right to run — first the Quebec Liquor Commission and then its chairman Archambault — for damages they set at $250 000. Both pleas were spiked by Duplessis, acting as attorney-general. By June 1947, there was only one man left to sue, Roncarelli brought an action against Duplessis himself for $118 741. Charging the premier with "administrative lawlessness and tyranny," Scott told the country that "if discretionary powers of the government can be exercised in this way in Canada, no person will have the protection from violation of his freedom which he is entitled to expect." A protest meeting against Duplessis called by the Civil Liberties Association (Scott was then president) at Monument National in Montreal drew 1 200 people whose outrage kindled into a near riot.

Duplessis jumped in to abuse that all such protests were "communist inspired," adding that it was not a question of big man-against little-man, as Roncarelli is "a very wealthy man."

There was some truth in the remark in the tapestry hung Crescent Street restaurant that had been in his family for thirty four years. Roncarelli catered to gastronomes like John and Lionel Barrymore and two European governments-in-exile that met there regularly twice a week throughout World War II for lunch in council. But by the end of 1947, after the unlicensed liquidation of his business, it was certainly true that he was working as a sixty-dollar-a-week laborer. It is equally true that Frank Scott, through the three trials and twelve years that followed, kept his sleeves rolled up in Roncarelli's behalf without receiving a nickel in retainer or fees.

The case reached the Supreme Court of Canada with this history, official and unofficial, in the first trial Quebec Superior Court, in May 1951, awarded Roncarelli $8 123 in damages. It was the law professor's maiden appearance as a courtroom lawyer but it is Scott's poetic sense of irony that savors the memory of this trial. "We subpoenaed Duplessis. He marched into court impatient to return to Quebec, but the trial couldn't start—there wasn't an official stenographer present. This is intolerable, the premier informed the judge. The judge pointed out that while his own salary was paid by Ottawa, the stenographer's salaries were paid by Mr. Duplessis' him self in Quebec. If you'd pay for more stenographers, he told Duplessis, this wouldn't happen. Ah, the delightful irony of it."

Judgment quashed

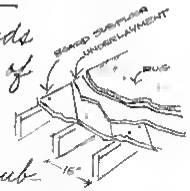
Since the Superior Court award hardly compensated Roncarelli for his ruin Scott and Stein lodged an action for increased damages. It reached the Quebec Court of Appeal in 1956 on the ground that Duplessis had acted in good faith in discharging his duties. The court quashed the previous judgment.

By June 1958, when Roncarelli's final appeal reached the Supreme Court, headline writers had made it one of the most celebrated civil liberties actions ever fought in Canada. Scott, whose six foot three frame draped in flat black robes of unusual resemble a vestal allegory of justice, charged that Duplessis had "sentenced Roncarelli to economic death" solely for exercising his legal right to provide bail. Six of the nine judges agreed. Justice Kerwin's written opinion repeated Scott's charge: Duplessis' action, he wrote, "was a gross abuse of legal power expressly intended to punish (Roncarelli)." Roncarelli was re-awarded the original $8 123, an additional $25 000 for accrued interest and court costs that brought the total of Duplessis' liability to almost $50,000.

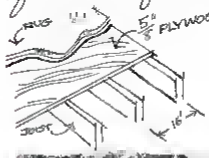
"The uncanny thing about Scott's presentation was the way he anticipated the judges' questions and answered them on his feet," said a lawyer who was there. "Nothing uncanny about it," Scott ex-

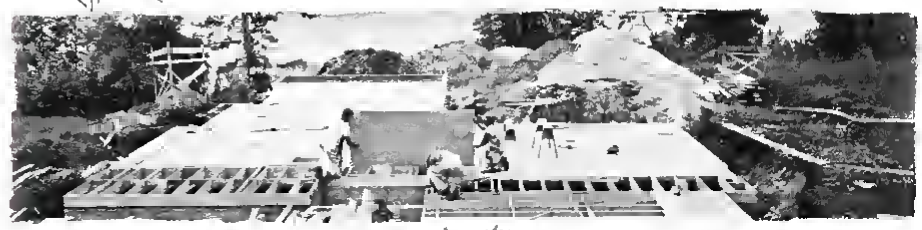
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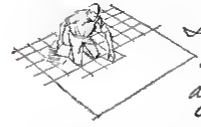
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plains. "My students have been raising the same points for years". He directs, however, some injustice even in his own laurels. "The man who really showed guts in Rowcarell's action was A. L. Stein. It was Stein who first took the case on. It was Stein who subpoenaed Duplessis and cross-examined him. For a lawyer who appears in front of judges appointed by Duplessis every day that took the kind of moral courage that is too rare in the practising bar."

It was also Stein, incidentally, who in 1950 won the "thought control" case as Scott stigmatized it, which centred on the pamphlet Quebec's Burning Hate. This victory came within a few years of Scott's Supreme Court defeat of the Padlock Law, the Quebec act that authorized police to lock the doors-and-guns out of any premises they believed were being used for seditious purposes. Considered as a body, the Supreme Court decisions in these Scott-Stein cases establish a working credo for civil liberties that were hazily defined at best before the unions were fought. "Now it's there for every body to see," Scott says. "The law stands above the state. The law in this sense is the state."

The law theoretically at least, hadn't yet necessarily said its last word in the Roncarelli matter. Because the suit started twelve years ago, Premier Duplessis was one of the last litigants in Canada's courts who had the right of appeal to the Privy Council in London. Early in March Duplessis made his decision. Should I go in appeal to England?" he asked and answered: "No. I have the intimate conviction it is the affair of the grand tribunal of public opinion in Quebec."

By no ironic coincidence that is not lost on the poet to Scott this legal pipeline to the Privy Council was the target in May 1931 of his first incursion into public affairs. "The Privy Council has been too handicapped by ignorance of Canada to give good judgment in Canadian constitutional law," he charged in a speech at Ottawa. Then warming to his work, he hit all Canadian affirmatives with both barrels. Neither barrel has had time to cool off since.

Responsible government in Canada, he declared, "has been disfigured by nabobic dictatorship bind out of party politics by commissar government, the wet nurse of that rickety infant, Canadian socialism."

If Canadian socialism was a rickety infant, Scott soon became its godfather. Within months of his Ottawa speech he met University of Toronto history professor F. H. Underhill and in January 1932 they formed the League for Social Reconstruction, inviting J. S. Woodsworth who was already the leading native campaigner for social reformism to become honorary president.

The league withered away during World War II but by that time its program and most of its people had been absorbed by the CCF. The link between the LSR and the CCF formed six months later at a meeting in Calgary was Woodsworth who became president of both groups. Scott and two other McGill professors attended the first national convention of the CCF at Regina in year later bringing along the ten point program of the LSR (which had been written by Underhill and Scott as is often reported and amended by the other members of the group). With some additions and changes this document was adopted as the new famous Regina Manifesto of the CCF. When twenty years later Scott attended the 1950 CCF conference in Vancouver to submit his resignation as national chairman—he was astonished to hear an outcry against the suggestion that some clauses of the manifesto should be brought up to date. Reverent party members protested that it was sacrilege to tamper a word of the anointed document. Scott, who had a vivid recollection of scribbling out a last minute clause over a cup of coffee just before the program was adopted in Regina, took to his feet as well. "My God," he said, "I had no idea I was writing a bible."

In the two decades between these events Scott ranged the arena of Canadian public affairs like a long legged nemesis. Judging by results, and sometimes by as he saw them, inevitably what looked like injustice and inequity to Scott looked like the nation's most valuable institutions to many — and sometimes most — people, and he became a popular lay pigeon for editorial writers. In a typical exchange... Scott flayed R. B. Bennett. "Mr. Bennett asked the Canadian people to put an iron heel on the spreading of socialist and communist ideas. Things are coming to a pretty pass when the prime minister incites the people to ruthlessness."

"Things are coming to a pretty pass," rejoined the Ottawa Journal, "when we must go to a university professor for the loose thinking and intemperate language characteristic of [Scott's] address."

Not long after Scott said flatly: "personal liberty no longer exists in Canada." Scott himself though stayed free enough to blast "private corporations that control the greater part of Canadian life" that the deportation tribunals sitting under the Immigration Act "denounce arbitrary prison methods, but "unanhur



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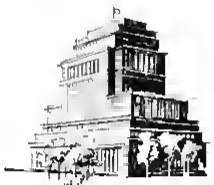
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national nonard of which he remains a member and in in one of the strongest advocates of the present endeavor to unite the CCF and the Canadian labor movement in a new reform party. Fused with this design for an alignment on the model of the British Labor Party is one of Scott's subsidiary activities, a modestly endowed foundation named *Recherches Sociale*. (Social Research), of which he is president and guiding genius. The foundation has subsidized a number of books mainly in French by young poets and social reform groups, and is now preparing a book on modern social planning for Canada. "The intellectuals are doing some rethinking," Scott says, plainly and the interesting thing is that today there is a bridge—a fusion—between French and English thinkers.

Frank Scott himself has done more to build a bridge between French and English in Quebec than any other single man," observes Thérese Casgrain, the renowned Quebec feminist and most French Canadians who might opposed to Scott's political thought agree. In those circles it is difficult to mention Scott's name without being told, as Mme Casgrain tells an inquirer simply, "Frank Scott is a great Canadian." In other circles—notably among Maurice Duplessis' adherents and the wealthy English-speaking "establishment" of Montreal—the reverse opinion of Scott is more common. Antipathy toward Scott's views is as strong in J. W. McConnell, a self-made millionaire and proprietor of the Montreal Star that the Star more than once in the 1940s refused to accept CCF advertisements. After one refusal Scott called on McConnell and asked why the Star banned down socialist advertisements but printed communist ones. (A paid announcement of a Tim Buck rally had just appeared in the Star). The publisher, as more than one Montrealer gleefully recalls, leaned over his desk and snapped "Because they're not dangerous."

"Dangerous" in class

Scott's influence, the Star and the Montreal Gazette assured their editorial page readers more than once, was also "dangerous" in the classroom. Scott himself, keeping my politics and my lectures in separate houses," went on picking up academic honors. He's a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, holder of a Guggenheim award, president of the Association of Canadian Law Teachers and has chaired the Canadian Bar Association committee on legal research.

W. C. Meredith, dean of the McGill Law School, describes Scott as "linguistically the outstanding Canadian authority on constitutional and international law" and says he "would be almost impossible to replace." In 1955 when Meredith was on a one-year leave of absence Scott was named acting dean. So many minds it was behind half recognition at least three times before he had been passed over for the dean's office. When Emmons Professor Sidney LeMesurier retired as dean in 1949 he officially urged Scott's appointment as his successor. On this occasion although proceedings of the meeting are secret and were the cause of a howling controversy, it is a fact that the chancellor of McGill at the time and the university's principal, O. S. Tyndale and Cyril James, both banked Scott for the office as did one member of the board of governors. The other twenty-one governors under the chairmanship of J. W. McConnell, Scott's old antagonist of the Montreal Star, voted against the appointment.

Not long after this incident Thérese Casgrain asked Scott why he didn't give up teaching to practice law a switch that would almost certainly make him a wealthy man. "The law needs good teachers even more than it needs good lawyers," Scott said, and the point is pivotal in his view of the law. "Canadians judge the law by lawyers. That's like judging religion by its critics. We need to elevate the position of law in Canada in order to elevate the role of law."

This concept of law as the real ruler of the land has made Scott an insistent student of the books in the BNA Act and he is no more hopeful of seeing them plugged by the Diefenbaker Bill of Rights than most other experts who've spoken out on the subject. In Scott's opinion, "When we complete the transfer of sovereignty from the U.K. to Canada, I'd like to see a fundamental Bill of Rights that would bind on federal and provincial jurisdictions both. My Dicey-cabinet's law doesn't bind on anybody but the bill also has to be amendable—no country should shackle itself to an unamendable constitution."

This analysis is not new. Scott has been saying much the same thing on the speaker's platform and in articles, pamphlets and books, for thirty years. The complete bibliography of Scott in published writing up to the beginning of 1958 contains 583 numbered entries, sixty-two under the heading Books and Pamphlets and 147 more under the heading Periodical Articles, most of them dealing with constitutional law, politics and social reconstruction. There are 101 entries under Literary Criticism, thirty-five under Letters, twenty-nine that he wrote on civil liberation, eleven translations from French and the largest group, Scott's 210 published poems.

No "lawyers lawyer"

Poetry is an preponderant in Scott's image of himself as it is in his bibliography. "I'm not a lawyer's lawyer," he observes. After all three of my degrees are in arts and only one in law." (Scott has a BA from Bishop's College, Que., BA and B.Litt. from Magdalen College, Oxford and BCL from McGill. In 1958 Dalhousie stepped in where McGill hung back by making him an honorary LL.D.) His high-ceilinged old house in the Westmount district of Montreal is stamped with the signs of the artist—indeed two artists since the walls are hung largely with canvases by his wife, Marian Scott, a notionally recognized neo-objective painter and art teacher whose studio is on the second floor. There is where Scott plays Mozart on the piano, writes poetry and entertains — a mainful of young French and English-Canadian poets whose ideas cross-pollinate under Scott's approving eye; visiting international celebrities like French poet Pierre Emmanuel or lesser known but important artists like English sculptress Gertrude Hermes who was a house guest for some time during World War II.

She set out to resolve the problem of sculpting Scott's head: a strong-boned dolichocephalic vault with a renaissance nose and a mobile mouth. The right eye is blind, a talisman of Scott's boyhood enthusiasm for experimental and unfortunately explosive chemistry. The head Miss Hermes sculpted in bronze with the name Frank Scott at the base is in the Montreal Museum of Fine Art. Although the museum was anxious to buy the work, it hesitated to display anything with a name as controversial as Frank Scott's carved into it. It suggested they rename it Son of Archdeacon F. G. Scott" the model chuckles "so they bought it and left it alone."

It was from his eminently respectable father, the leading English churchman in Quebec City and the famous padre of Canada's First Division in World War I, that Scott picked up his first taste for poetry. The churchmen who himself the author of a dozen books of poetry and Scott's childhood was punctuated by regular verse readings by his father. But it wasn't until he was back at McGill studying law in the late Twenties after three years as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford that Scott became one of the leaders of a group of young poets who, sprung the forms and images of twentieth century poetry on Canada. "Publishing" being what it was in the Thirties, Scott recalls "we had to do our own. With A. J. M. Smith and other collaborators he founded or helped edit a long string of "little magazines—McGill Fortnightly Review, The Canadian Mercury, Preview, Northern Review. The Canadian Poetry and many times the Montreal Review. The last two of which are still publishing.

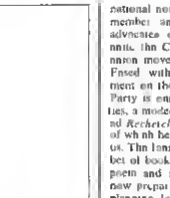
Most of Scott's early verse appeared in their pages and during the Thirties and Forties he won regard for polished, often stinging metrics much as he sounded off in his political forum.

His tipped me[illegible] skin off R. H. Bennett:

It's wholly his work that's the grave too deep
In which the people's [illegible] fortune's sleep

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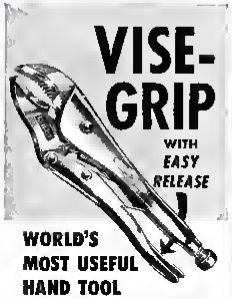
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In a more troublesome mood he lampooned the Canadian Authors Association. The society, as he describes it, of some thousands of the feminist Canadian writers, is in a muckle, lang lime vaise that is one of those grasps about atoms to learn.

O Canada, O Canada, Oh can
A day go by without two authors
sprouting
To paint the nation maple and to
pine
After leaves to eat this selfsome pickle
thing of?

Most of Scott's poems, like these, are satiric. But he has a lyric vein that he sometimes taps.

We shall find each the deep sea in
the end
A stillness, and a movement only of
tides
That wash a world whose monuments
between
Flooding the estuaries of alien lands.

By 1947, when Scott's verse was first published in book form in a volume called Overture, even his old adversary, the Montreal Star, was quick to concede, in an unsigned review, "From the point of view of music and substance, this first collection of Frank Scott's poetry ranks with the foremost of Canadian poetry."

Two subsequent volumes, Events and Signals (1954) and The Eye of the Needle (1957), have confirmed most Canadian critics in this estimate of Scott's verse. His poems are in fifteen Canadian and international poetry anthologies.

The lines of Scott's most vitriolic collection, a cycle of translations from the work of young French Canadian poets which he will be published next year, were "hammered out word by word with the authors right here," Scott says, stamping his foot on his living room carpet. One of them may have asked Scott how he found it possible to be a mountroom lawyer, academic and a political reformer, but certainly a poet above all. Scott probably replied in the same terms he used in the same room not long ago.

"The law is crystallized politics. And a good constitution," said the foremost authority on Canada's, "is like a good poem. Both are concerned with the spirit of man." ★



London Letter continued from page 12

"It is easy—and sometimes imperative—to make mock of television"

the status of women and coincidentally went into a decline that has never ended. On the other hand, ancient Greece at the glorious period of Pericles, did almost nothing to raise the status of the women and dominated the world. Yet even to this day, men are thrilled by those words that Pericles pondered in the square at Athens. "The whole world is the sepulchre of famous men."

When I reached the mezzanine information studio on the appointed hour there was a feeling of tension in the air and understandably so. Only a couple of nights previously the studio decided to give a sport warning to their listeners as an introduction to a film. The warning being, that an unknown enemy was atom bombing London and every one should seek cover. Panic spread and the telephones were jammed by people asking what to do.

It was announced next day that Norman Marshall, head of the drama section for Commercial TV, was suffering from influenza at the time. Then came a second announcement that he had resigned. He said that he had intended to resign for some time and it had no connection with the bomb-raid warning. To which the angered public replied "Tell that to the marines."

To return to my story. At the appointed hour the director of our program was waiting for me. I was given a glass of sherry to steady my nerves. My face was dusted and I was then led into a studio where my opponent, the good looking socialist MP, Miss Burton, together with about a dozen other women of all shapes and sizes had already gathered. There was also one man among them, a pleasant faced doctor. The atmosphere was one of tense, confused calm.

"What are we going to discuss?" I asked merely to show interest.

"Equal pay," said a strong minded, middle aged woman down the line. As no one disagreed it seemed that the decision had been taken beyond recall. A pity especially after all the sweating I had done on the status of women through the ages.

At a signal from the producer Miss Burton and I took our seats along with the part equating jury of the women plus the doctor.

"Silence please," said the director. "We shall be on in exactly two minutes."

There, like wax figures, we sat in grim, tense silence. Somehow by the mystic waving of a wand we were to invade the privacy of thousands and thousands of homes. The producer forced a smile that would not look at stage detention. Then suddenly with an easy friendly intimacy he said "Good evening, to the unseen audience."

In the studio he said, "we have Miss Eileen Burton, a socialist member of Parliament, and also Sir Brinsley Bax Ini, who is of course a Conservative MP. The subject is 'Do nations have sex?' In other words, can their feminine nations and masculine nations?"

Down the line a strong minded woman in black said that there should be equal pay for men and women. In fact women are being less strong than men should perhaps get more pay than a man.

Are women weaker?

At this the doctor told us and the listening thousands—if they were listening—that it was nonsense to think of women as the weaker sex. Actually and biologically women were the stronger sex and their expectancy of life was longer than that of men. More girl babies survived than boy babies. Even though women may have more illnesses they are the stronger sex and therefore better able to cope with sickness and worries.

My parliamentary companion, Miss Burton interviewed to complain that under English law no woman was allowed to act as a guarantor whereas a man, even if he had no job and no income, could be one. "Mainly because he is a man!" she said angrily.

"Why can there not more women in parliament?" asked the doctor, but Miss Burton brushed that aside. Obviously there was no accounting for the stupidity of selection committees in the constituencies.

With about three minutes to go the announcer said that I would now summarize the arguments as to whether there should be equal pay whether women should play a greater part in the professions, whether or not women should be accepted as guarantors for loans, whether it was true or untrue that nations have sex, whether there should be more women MPs and therefore fewer male MPs.

Gazing right into the camera he said: "You have heard the arguments on both sides of these questions and now you must give your verdict. Send a post card to this address you now see on the screen—there it is—and say 'Yes' or 'No.' Now Sir Waverley."

There were thirty seconds left, thirty seconds to say whether there should be equal pay and then there was what was left of the thirty seconds to decide whether women should be accepted as guarantors for loans. I said something more or less to the point, whereupon the announcer declared: "Next week at this same time on the same night of the week we shall announce the verdict—your verdict. Good night."

It is easy to make mock of television—easy and at times imperative. Certainly it lowers the dignity of a man when he is paid to describe a brand of soap as if it were a passport to heaven. It is equally absurd when the public is told on the little screen that the reason so many young men have risen to high place is because they wear thin partings in their hair or that particular type of shoe. Such extravagances of imagination should be laughed off the screen.

On the other hand TV brings the leaders of a nation to answer for their administration and policies to the electorate which is watching and listening to them. And also it cannot be denied that it brings companionship of a kind into lonely homes.

But looking back on the particular television discussion which I have described I wonder if it would not have been better and more useful if we had spent at least two hours in advance discussing the subjects which had been chosen. It is not easy to be dogmatic but undoubtedly we dithered and stumbled toward the truth when with proper rehearsal we could have followed the straight path to wisdom.

But with husbands there is still the final verdict of one's wife who has been watching the while affair at home. With an effort of bravado I opened the door of the room in my house where my wife was watching. She only said: "Darling you were wonderful," she said. "But why did you wear that awful tie?"

Like the man in the Gallup poll I don't know. ★

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The sleazy grey world of the call girl continued from page 15

"The call girl looks on herself as the aristocrat of her trade"

broadcast about this development in the U.S. by Edward R. Murrow on the CBS network, startled radio listeners and made newspaper headlines. It also prompted the question: What is the situation in Canada?

While nobody knows exactly how many call girls are plying their trade in Canada, the number must be substantial. I had no difficulty in counting a dozen of them in Toronto. Judging from their contacts, scores of others are active in the same city. Montreal has an estimated five hundred call girls. They have increased since the police knocked down on brothels. A court official in Vancouver described the call girl racket as extensive and lucrative, with fifty full-time practitioners and an indeterminate number of part-timers. In Edmonton, call girls can be hired without difficulty. If one has contacts, Calgary has an estimated two dozen call girls. About the same number as other places of comparable size, says Police Chief Larry Partridge. In Winnipeg, police have arrested call girls living in the upper-crust River Heights residential section. Call girls are also operating in Halifax, but as in the case of all smaller communities, they exercise the greatest discretion.

The call girl looks on herself as the aristocrat of her trade and is insulted if you confuse her with the more common type of prostitute. Walking the streets is about as low as you can get, one of them told me. The average Toronto call girl charges a minimum of $20 and her fee may go as high as $200. Her annual income is $10,000 or more. She usually lives in a modern apartment. Her clothes are stylish but not too stylish; she uses jewelry and perfume sparingly. She drinks like a lady in public, and she converses in a controlled voice. She strives to be the kind of woman who would attract admiration but not undue attention.

This I learned when I was gathering material for this article about the call girl: her mode of living and how she came to adopt it, her personality, her customers, her needs, her fears and her attitudes toward men, sex and society. To get this information I have spent a good deal of the last few weeks in the company of call girls or "business girls" as they refer to themselves. I got to know six of them well. They spoke frankly about themselves once they were satisfied that I had no affiliation with the police.

The six girls were: Dorothy, twenty-two, pretty and demure looking, with brown hair and grey eyes, who was saving $150 a week to open up a children's clothing store in California; Joann, shy Liz, twenty-three, with golden hair and a peaches-and-cream complexion, which required no make-up. Her cultivated speech reflected her private-school education. She complained about nuisance calls from men who wanted her to be romantic when, after all, it's not my feelings they're paying for."

Norah, twenty-six, a platinum blonde with a pain-killer face who sobbed as she remembered how her latchkey friend used to play games with her and take her on picnics.

Betty, twenty-five, a voluptuous girl with long blank hair and warm brown eyes who was embittered by the cruelty of two husbands and two lovers. "The way I feel now I want to hurt men," she confided.

Kathy, thirty-three, a statuesque blonde who was comfortably supporting her two children and was sorry she hadn't become a "business girl" earlier in her life.

Jane, twenty-five, with dark brown hair and finely chiseled features, who had once worked for a doctor and now wanted to get out of the business. When you stay in too long, you Jane gets hard, you put on weight and you begin to drink to forget the loneliness," she told me.

The call girl of fable and myth is a sexy, alluring goddess who lends an enchanted life full of excitement and glamour. She dines at the finest restaurants, dances at the best night clubs and is frequently whisked away by wealthy escorts for gay weekends in luxurious hotels. She is showered with expensive furs, jewelry, perfumes and—if she makes herself appealing enough—white convertibles. Money is no problem, so the fairies goes because her fabulous earnings make it possible to amass a bank account well into five or even six figures.

My own research revealed that the real situation is much less attractive. I discovered that the call girl lives in an oppressive atmosphere compounded of fear, worry, shame, personal conflict and a deep foreboding about the future. I met no happy call girls.

First, the constant companion of the call girl because she is always in danger of arrest. "You're always afraid," Betty told me. "My doctor said he never knew anyone so young who was so nervous. They're worried by fear of exposure. If I'm caught, the shock would kill my mother, and they'd take away my children." Kathy said. Call girls are lonely because their trade isolates them from normal society. They're forced to live in the "grey world"—a society made up of individuals who are halfway between being law-abiding citizens and outright criminals. These include bootleggers, pimps, gamblers and promoters of phony stocks—people who find it difficult to form permanent or satisfactory personal relationships. Because of loneliness, Liz had once had an alliance with a young man who belonged to this camp. He told her he loved me but in a month he was taking all my money," she said. "When I got sick and couldn't work, he split my lip and blackened my eye. Most of the girls had similar experiences.

I found that many of the girls were racked by painful emotional conflicts. Ironically, the majority of girls confessed that they had no predilection for sexual relations under any circumstances. Norah told me, "It's never important to me. Who needs sex anyway?" Liz explained that sex is something she could never enjoy. "Why am men willing to pay for it?" she asked with a puzzled look. Betty said flatly, "All men repel me."

Sex role is confused

Psychoanalysts explain this aversion by stating that nearly all prostitutes are frigid. The normal woman brought up in a loving home learns what it's like to be a woman and a wife by observing her parents. Later she is able to form a durable relationship with one man. Prostitutes on the other hand have usually been rejected in childhood by one or both parents. Their emotional development has been frozen and they grow up confused about their sex role. They often have homosexual tendencies. To deny them they may rush headlong into intimacies with numerous men.

But perhaps the call girl experiences her gloomiest moments when she contemplates the future. The worst time is late at night when she returns to her empty apartment. Jane told me, "I lie in bed thinking. Where is this all going to end? I know what's happened to a lot of the other girls when they've lost their looks. Business falls off and they get scared. They take to booze or drugs. Pretty soon they have to hustle on the street to grab enough money to pay for the stuff. When I get thinking this way, I phone the bootlegger for a bottle of rye and sit up drinking it until it gets light out. The more I drink, the more I get scared. It hits me like a ton of bricks that I'm in a rut and that I'm not getting anywhere and that I've got to get out of the business—but how? I can't get a job paying big money and besides too many people know me. I've thought of suicide. Then I ask myself: What'd I besides it? Then I take my daughter away from me and put me in a jail or a rest house for a long stretch." A New York psychiatrist who studied several dozen call girls reported that attempted suicide was not uncommon.

But the call girl's daily routine seldom leaves time for such gloomy introspection. Her day usually starts at two or three in the afternoon when she's awakened by the ringing of the telephone. The telephone is her most indispensable possession since it is her sole contact with her customers. When she receives a phone call, the call girl makes sure it's from an old friend or from somebody who has been recommended by an old friend. "Sometimes the police get hold of our number and try to trap us," Jane explained. After talking to a new businessman in his hotel room. The call girl may stay with him anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour, for which she charges $20. If she stays several hours, the fee is $50 on all night session may run as high as $200. The girls prefer several short visits. "I like to get the sex part over with as quickly as possible," says Liz. Norah is impatient with men who get romantic and start calling her darling. "How stupid can these men get?"

Not all the engagements take place in hotel rooms. Every call girl has five or six "regulars" who come to see her in her own apartment. More main callers might

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attract and maintain Kathy occasionally accompanies a well-to-do businessman to his home in north Toronto when his wife is away. About one night a month she visits a bank manager in his downtown office. "I'm always afraid the police are going to see shadows through the blind and start shooting," she says. At times, Kathy accompanies businessmen on out-of-town trips. "We register at the hotel as man and wife," she says. "I'll only take a job like that if the fellow's good company."

Some customers seek the call girl's company rather than her sex. I spoke to Liz (last night she had spent the evening dining and drinking with a fifty-year-old merchant. Besides a $75 fee, he gave her a gold cigarette lighter, explaining: "You remind me of a girl I used to be in love with."

Sometimes the call girl is employed to promote commercial interests. A sales manager has engaged Jane three or four times to entertain the presidents of small firms. Dorothy, a best mentioned, includes garment and fur establishments. "I get paid for going out with important out-of-town buyers and putting them in a good mood," she says.

Like other enterprises, the call-girl business is subject to seasonal fluctuations. Summer is good because many wives are away, or the cottage trade is brisk for two or three weeks before Christmas, because, as Betty explains, it's a favorite time of the year and people are in a drinking and spending mood. "A recession sets in at Christmas and lasts until the end of January, probably because most people are both broke and tired. With the beginning of the convention season in February, the call girl's economic prospects brighten."

The girls like conventions held by service-club organizations, but have mixed feelings about sales conventions. "You bump into too many salesmen who are used to haggling over price," says Betty. The call girls are lukewarm about doctors, teachers and pharmacists and are completely disenthusiastic about any convention having to do with agriculture. "Farmers are tightwads," says Jane. "That idea of big spending is to buy a bottle and tell you that you can have all you want to drink. I don't go near them." A Grey Cup weekend in Toronto is by far the most lucrative time, with some of the girls making $300 or $400 a day.

Who are the men whose $20 and $40 fees keep the call girl in business? About half of them or more are out-of-town visitors — highly regarded citizens in their own community who occasionally like to shake their respectability. Nearly all the men are married and most of them are over forty. A small proportion of the clientele are young, single men in their twenties; a class of clientele the call girl usually doesn't encourage. "They're too rough," says Betty. "And anyway, I'm suspicious of them. Why should a guy that age have to pay?" She also wonders why some of her customers are well-known figures in entertainment. "You'd think they'd meet enough pretty girls in their own line."

According to the call girls, most married men come to them in search of variety or because their wives reject them. One of Jane's regular customers is a handsome chap of thirty-six with a pretty wife and two children. "His wife is so afraid of what another pregnancy might do to her figure that she doesn't encourage any friendliness," says Jane. Another man has a wife who bosses him around like an army sergeant. "He tells me he feels masterful when he's with me."

Lonely unhappily married men who become regular customers sometimes are a threat to the call girl. "You have to show an interest in them — that's good business," says Jane. "But not too much interest. Before you know it, they're telling you that they love you and want to marry you and you can't get rid of them." When this happens, Jane has one of her boy friends phone the customer and say that he is Jane's husband and that if he doesn't keep away from her he'll knock his block off. "It always works," she says.

Overly attentive customers, however, are only a minor worry to the call girl. Of much deeper concern to her is the question of her health. I found that most of the girls is haunted by fear of disease or pregnancy. Visits to doctor at least once a month. "Where would the money come from if an accident or a germ put me out of commission for several months?" Kathy asked me. At this time I spoke to her, Jane was seriously concerned about her weight and complexion. "This business is bad for you," she explained. "You put on pounds because you're always sitting around and you don't get any exercise. Your complexion is ruined by too little fresh air and too much drinking."

All the girls I spoke to had had abortions. Kathy told me: "Most of the girls get pregnant once or twice a year. I myself have been pregnant seven times. At first it was through ignorance, later through laziness. The abortion usually is performed by a renegade doctor or a former nurse who are reputable and unpleasant."

The call girl's life, outside her working hours, does little to help her health, either physically or mentally. When she's finished work at one or two in the morning, she meets other "business girls" for coffee at one of the better restaurants. They sit around discussing the events of the night, using the jargon of their trade. A square John is a man who does honest work for a living, a pretender is one who doesn't. A policeman is a "John," a trick" is "muck" or a "job." A boy friend or pimp is an "old man" while a girl who is bestowing her favors gratis on a man other than her old man is a "hippy" who is "hipping around." This is frowned on by the girls whose relation to the world around them is governed by a rigid code. The call girl, for example, will never recognize a customer unless he makes the first overture. She never identifies a customer by name. She never steals from a John nor does she let him overpay her just because he's too drunk to know the difference. Call girls are not supposed to steal Johns from each other. If one girl sends a John to another girl because she's busy, it is expected that the favor will be returned.

After coffee and shop talk some of the girls are tired enough to go home and go to bed. Others are too wrought up and edgy. One night Betty was dismayed because a customer told her that she was too fat. Norah was agitated because a customer called her a "tramp" when she demanded her money. I kept quiet because I won't open my mouth to anybody," she explained to me. "But deep inside I'm hurt—very hurt." The girls who are too restless to go home often drop in on a bootlegger and spend the rest of the night drinking and talking. Sometimes when Jane desperately finds the need for company after coffee she invites one of the musicians who frequent the restaurant to come back to her apartment for a drink.

Some become slaves

An obvious solution to the call girl's deep-rooted hunger for the affection and companionship of another human being would be for her to form an alliance with a man. It is here that the call girl faces a dilemma. Because she is outside the pale she must find her mate among the dregs of the grey world. But she knows from her own experience and that of others like her that such attachments end unhappily with the female being callously exploited by the male.

Like most of the other girls, Betty once had a boy friend. Their relationship followed the familiar pattern. When she met him he was driving a cab for sixty dollars a week, augmented by his income by bootlegging. He confessed to love her and urged her to give up the business and marry him with him. "I was crazy for the guy so I did just that," said Betty.

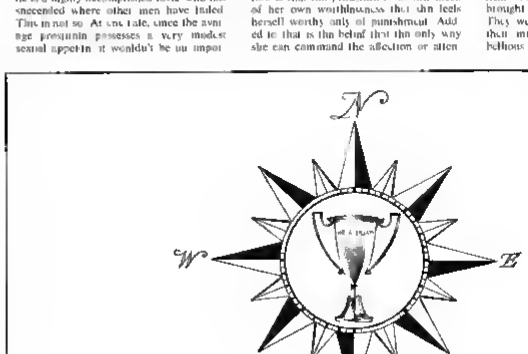
A few weeks later he suddenly announced: "We can't go on living this way; we need more money. I think you better go back into the business."

Betty refused. "I told him that a man who loves a girl doesn't want her in bed with anybody else. During the next week they had heated arguments and one of them ended with Betty receiving a severe beating. "I packed and walked out on him," she says. "That's the second time this happened to me. I don't want any more boy friends. I don't intend to get hurt again."

If the girl follows her boy friend's advice she finds herself working harder and harder for him until ultimately she is his completely slave. "One of my friends," says Betty, "was so in love with her old man that she worked for him seven days a week. He'd send her out to work every day with nearly three dollars and cut cigarettes in her purse. When she came home he would take away all her money. If she complained he would give her a bit lip." Sometimes a pimp will acquire a second girl and divide his time between them.

Why do prostitutes submit to this treatment? One popular explanation is that the pimp wields the power because he is a highly accomplished lover who has succeeded where other men have failed. This is not so. At one time, since the average prostitute possesses a very modest sexual appetite, it wouldn't be an important factor. The girls themselves have various explanations for this master-slave relationship. "There's an old saying," says Liz, "that a girl keeps a pimp because she likes to walk up in the morning—and see somebody lower than herself." Norah told me: "They [call girls] are so dreadfully lonely they'll do anything to hang on to somebody." A more scientific explanation is that the gangster is so enamored of her own worthlessness that she feels herself worthy only of punishment. Addicted to this is the belief that the only way she can command the affection or attention of another human being is by paying for it cash on the line.

Looking at the life histories of the six call girls whom I got to know well, there can be little doubt that this lack of self-esteem or self-love they manifested stemmed from an unsatisfactory childhood. With some notable exceptions they lives seem to have been most ordinary. They were brought up in small towns or on farms. They were in conflict with their fathers, their mothers or both. They were rebellious and promiscuous by the time



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thny reached adolescence. Unable to get along at home or with any of the social groups in the community they lived in, they gravitated to night clubs, bars and lounges. Being pretty and provocative they were popular with men. Sooner or later each met a call girl who posed the provocative question: "Why give it away, honey?" Once started on business she at last felt that she was part of a group where she fitted in comfortably.

Liz, for example, was brought up on a farm in Southern Ontario. She constantly fought with her stepfather. "He was too strict with me and I refused to put up with it," she says. At seventeen she ran away to a city. In one of the night spots she met a man who claimed to be deeply in love with her. After having an affair with him, he persuaded her to become a prostitute.

Joan's childhood was spent on a farm in eastern Ontario. When she was twelve she was shocked to learn that the man who had been living with her mother since her birth was not her real father. To make matters even worse in her mind the couple were not married. She was too strict with me and I refused to put up with it," she told me. At fourteen she became pregnant. At seventeen she married a young man from Toronto in order to move away from her mother. The marriage didn't last. At a hotel bar she became friendly with a call girl who was soon supplying her with customers.

It was not until a year or so later that Joan realized the momentous step she had taken. "I began to worry about what I was doing to myself," she said. "Most girls in the business have a guilty conscience and deep down, they're ashamed of what they're doing." I asked several other call girls if they felt the way. Of all the questions I had asked this apparently was the most difficult for them to answer. Some refused to reply or quickly changed the subject. Others rationalized their conduct by saying that they were no worse than any body else. Kathy claimed that she felt less guilt now than she did when she worked as a hotel waitress and was "giving it away." She said: "You'd meet the same fellows the next day and they'd try to avoid you. I would feel lower than a worm. This way...it's a straight, honest business arrangement. The man is usually nice to you every time you see them." Yet she also told me that she broke out in a cold sweat whenever she considered the possibility of her parents or child discovering her real occupation.

Norah argued that "there are all kinds of respectable married women who are worse than I am. As soon as their husbands go away on a business trip they're out chipping with a boy friend. They're phonies—and I don't like phonies. I'm not ashamed of doing business but I would be ashamed of chipping." Later in the evening she sobbed when she considered what her dead father might think of how she earned her livelihood. "I still think about him a lot. I once went out with a doctor and he told me I had a father complex."

Regardless of their inner feelings about being in the business, all the girls expressed some concern about their future. Many of them spoke bravely about going into something legit, perhaps next year. Liz said she planned to be a psychologist. (She didn't have the college entrance requirements but was also working toward them.) Dorothy planned to open a children's clothing store. (She's had no experience in handling money, keeping books or in retailing.) Kathy hoped to buy a large house and rent out apartments and rooms. (She had no part of a down payment.) As a matter of fact, Dorothy was the only girl in the group I got to know well who had a respectable bank balance. The rest of the girls spent their money almost as fast as they earned it.

The more realistic course of switching to a job that didn't require years of preparation or a large amount of capital held little attraction for the girls. Norah asked: "When you have a $150-a-month apartment, four rooms full of furniture and a nice standard of living, what are you supposed to do—start selling stockings for $35 a week?"

The economic obstacle is not the only one. Joan says that she would enjoy going back to her former job as a dentist's nurse. But what if the doctor suddenly discovers about my past? Or what if some of his patients recognized me?" she asks. "I know too many people."

The chances of marrying a Square John (or a respectable man) were regarded as remote. Liz said: "He'd have to be a very broad-minded man because I'd insist on telling him the truth. But how would that work out? The first argument we have and he'd be throwing up my past in my face." Norah felt that such a marriage would have other hazards as well. "A fellow like that would always be trying to improve you," she says. "Even if he's doing it for my own good, I don't want anyone telling me what to do."

Dorothy was the only girl who foresaw the possibility of a conventional ending to her life. "A miracle might happen," she said. "I might meet an honest man. A nice guy who would trust me and whom I could trust. He doesn't have to be a rich man. He doesn't have to be a handsome man. Just an honest man." ★

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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

are unlikely to embrace Marx-Leninism or to devote elaborate democratic institutions. There would not appear to be at present any great wealth to attract the rapidity of nations. There may well be minerals but they are as yet unexploited, the other forms of wealth whales and other pelagic creatures are already subject to various international agreements. Without agreements of some kind this interesting future may be exterminated by modern methods of killing and capture. On the other hand scientists in many countries are profoundly interested and—as has been shown in the geophysical year—undertakings are ready to set aside national rivalries to the advancement of science.

It is therefore my view that before any moon claims are staked out in these regions they should cease to belong to any national state but should be brought under the control of an international body—preferably the United Nations, although this is not essential. It might be ad hoc authority.

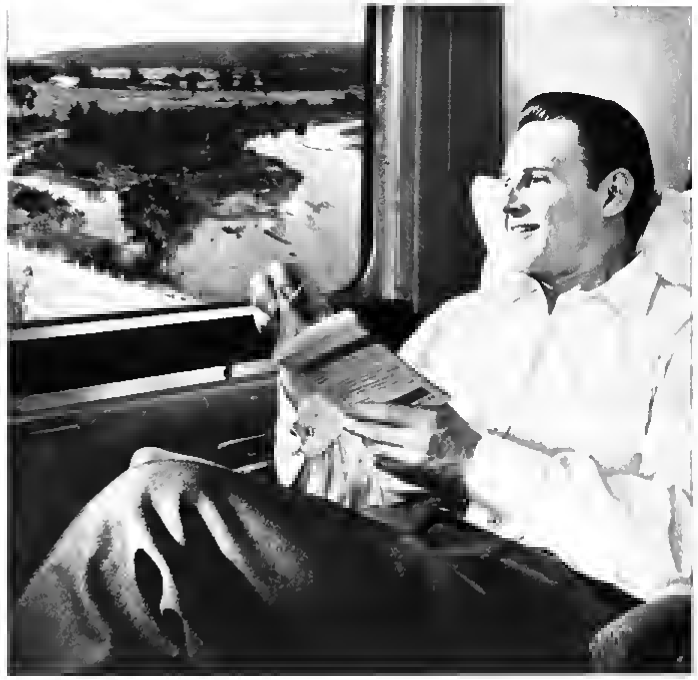
I set us consider the disadvantages and advantages of such a plan. At the present time large areas of the world are shown on our maps as national territory. One is impressed with the great expanse owing allegiance to Soviet Russia and equally with the huge size of Canada especially on maps drawn on Mercator's projection. Yet much of this is uninhabitable, covered with ice. I recall when I was a boy we used to look at the great British Empire painted red on the map and did not consider the reality under the color. Similarly French possessions were swollen by the great mass of the Sahara desert. There is no doubt a certain prestige in possessing large parts of the earth's surface, but it is surely not a very valid consideration. While it may be said that the possession of the arctic regions permits measures for firmly warning of possible attack "over the top" to be given it would be better and cheaper to preclude altogether the possibility of attack.

If we could get these regions neutralized we should not have to waste our resources on airborne defense expenditure. The more we can get rid of areas of possible tension in the world the better.

I am not enough of a scientist to know what danger to the world might arise if some power chose to start experimenting with atomic explosions in the poles. I have read that in some hundreds of thousands of years the world will experience another ice age. Whether when it comes our descendants will be sufficiently advanced in scientific knowledge to prevent it or to deal with it I do not know, but I should find happier if the possibility of some irresponsible people monkeying about with our climate were excluded from our apprehensions which are already quite lively enough.

On the other hand an international body might by combined effort of some lists from many nations make useful

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advances in our knowledge I should be the last to discourage the spirit of adventure and exploration and I admire the fortitude of those who explore the polar regions but there is no reason why the spirit of peaceful exploration should not be encouraged in these regions where there now is suspicion and jealousy between not only as is seen in the Antarctic There are not many nations today concerned in the north polar regions only Canada the United States Soviet Russia and the Scandinavians If these nations would be persuaded to cede their arctic claims to an international authority a great advance in human relations would be secured It should not be difficult to demarcate the international zone from the national territories This zone would then be declared naturely neutral No war planes would be allowed to fly over it Instead of national military posts and fences small forces recruited from all the nations would police the areas in the air on land and on and under the sea If deposits valuable to mankind were found there they would be developed for the advantage of all I conceive that the authority would have at its disposal a body of scientists and that it would set up its own meteorological stations It would be its duty to protect and help the aboriginal inhabitants It might well also be charged with the enforcement of regulations for the taking of whales seals and so forth for closed seasons and for rights of fishing due regard being paid to any vested interests

This in addition to removing a huge area of the world from the possibility of warfare would be a mind a field of endeavor open to all nations a field for co-operation instead of conflict

I have always held that efforts to ensure the peace of the world must not be based solely on the negation of war but in constructive co-operative effort How much can be done in this way was demonstrated by the old League of Nations and is shown today by UNESCO and other agencies.

If a successful beginning were made here, it might well lead to other advances I remember well President Truman at the Potsdam Conference proposing the internationalization of rivers, straits canals and other waterways so that they might be used by the ships of all nations on their lawful occasions We have recently seen a serious dispute arise between Iceland and Britain over the question of the three-mile or six mile limit of territorial waters When international law consists only in the dicta of jurists such troubles are sure to arise What is required is an authoritative declaration by a responsible body such as the United Nations but to get that the UN would need alterations in its composition and constitution I would like to see constructive advances such as those I suggest for the polar regions rather than theoretical disputations

In this present very dangerous world situation when weapons of unprecedented destructive power in the hands of rival states threaten the annihilation of the human race what is needed is a constructive step forward. There are two great states with no past record of aggression, both lying outside the main field of international tension — Canada and Australia Australia is the largest state annexed to the Antarctic Canada is one of the largest concerned in the Arctic. Here is an opportunity for statesmanship

A move in this direction by the prime ministers of Canada might well be of inestimable benefit to the world Charles John Canning when recognizing the South American republics said that he had called in the new world to redress the balance of the old I should like to see a Commonwealth statesman of the new world of Canada or Australia calling a common sense to save both the new and the old worlds. ★

How dangerous is natural gas?

Five hundred communities from Montreal to Vancouver are already using natural gas But in Ontario alone it has killed fifteen people and caused six million dollars worth of property damage in the last five years. **McKenzie Porter** probes an urgent national problem

The hectic scramble for the class of '59

Wooed by fifteen hundred eager employers from both sides of the border this year's college graduates are the coveted prizes in an enlistment campaign that is a startling phenomenon of our times By **Eric Hutton**

Canada's air-crash detectives

A twisted sliver of metal a charred shred of clothing—such are the slim clues experts use to uncover the causes of our nation's most spectacular tragedies **Bill Stephenson** reveals how these men work

The painter we weren't ready for

James Wilson Morrice's canvases were spurned in Canada during his lifetime Now some of them bring $10 000 and more Illustrated with full-color reproductions of some of his finest works By **Robert Fulford**

IN THE NEXT MACLEAN'S ON SALE APRIL 14

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Dieters' new messiah

Our railways defended

Peter C. Newman in How to Get Your Boss's Job (Feb 14) quotes Prof. Erin Kiernan: "If you win won't allow you to devote the largest proportion of your life to your company you just haven't got a chance." In reply:

THE NEW LUCASTA

Tell me not sweet I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To War's false Steels I fly
True! A new mistress now I chase—
The first and the last
And with a Bulova Steel embrace
By Bulova brand I wield
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore
I could not love thee dear so much
Loved I not Bulova more
—MARY DARR WARDLE, VICTORIA, B.C.

Hurray for eating fat!

Gaylord Hauser you are through. Our new messiah is Dr. Ray Lawson (Eat Fat and Grow Slim Feb 14) Out with the yogurt and blackstrap molasses and bring on butter. I feel sure, am certainly not going to discuss these ideas with my own doctor. He'll just give me the old line about a well balanced diet. I'm just going right down to the kitchen for a hot buttered rum and a piece of pork fat.—JOSEPH A. P. CLARK, TORONTO

✓ The statement that people who do not eat meat are quarrelsome fanatics is false. I get the impression that some large interests are paying your magazine to print such an article to boost the sale of animal fat.—MRS. E. W. JACKSON, PRESIDENT, TORONTO VEGETARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Alberta's disappearing bears

No, you won't be able to feed those friendly bears in Alberta's National Parks (Preview Feb. 28). Not however for the reason suggested but because in the immediate Banff and Jasper districts at least there will be few if any bears to feed. Almost the entire bear population of the Banff district was exterminated by gunfire last fall during a housecleaning campaign of ill considered and unnecessary destruction, without parallel in the long history of continental national parks. And what happened to the bears of Banff happened in no small measure to the bears of Jasper and in the other national parks involved. — HUBERT U. GREEN, BANFF, ALTA.

Best coyan

Your best novel this year is Duncan Macpherson's fourteen people crowded into an elevator.—JOAN ROBINS, MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.

Our not so-laggard trains

In Our Laggard Trains (Preview Feb 28), your information regarding cross-country speed of Canadian trains may be quite accurate but where else in the world on a main line railroad would you find a descent of 3 848 feet in only 140 miles, equivalent to 27.5 feet per

"Why just sit there reading?

...join me in a

Molson's Ale"



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Nothing to show for a day's work? Look again! Even if you forget those assets which can be tagged with a price — your friendly smile and your role as family psychologist — it's still an impressive dollar total. You'll be surprised to learn just how much you save your husband every month — and so will he. Find out what your dollars-and-cents value really is in the current Chatelaine.

Aggie was a terror

BY MARGARET STEWART AND DORIS FRENCH

Forty years ago a silly spinster stepped out of her schoolroom to become Canada's first woman MP. Behind the stern façade and caustic tongue that became the trademark of Agnes Macphail was a warm, impulsive and occasionally vain woman whose story is told now for the first time.

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mile, as traveled by the CPR's crack transcontinental train, the Canadian, between Revelstoke and Stephen, B.C.? And see a thrill why not take a ride on the same train from Brandon, Man., to Portage la Prairie, Man.—accomplishing the 77.5 miles in 77 minutes with no less than twelve compulsory slowdowns while traveling through towns and villages? Perhaps our railroads are not as laggard as you suggest.—G. S. ATKEY, ARNPRIOR, ONT.

Baxter's manners

Beverley Baxter (Feb. 28) refers to the married daughters of Lord Attlee becoming "Lady Gertie, Lady Mary or whatever their first names and married names happen to be." This is the second time Baxter has chosen to refer in such terms to the daughters of a distinguished gentleman. This sort of thing is not brilliant nor informed reporting; it is merely rude and boring.—I. C. SUTHERLAND, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Living mystery of Barkerville

Marjorie Earl's The Living Mystery of the Rockies (Feb. 28) was very nice except the paragraph that refers to Barkerville. Barkerville has not vanished. It is a living legend of the old gold mining days, the town that decided the fate of British Columbia one hundred years ago. There are descendants of the original courageous men and women living in comfortable, bright, cheerful homes bordered by lawns and gardens. The post office is still in operation and the mining office has been moved to the centre of town. One of the provincial Centennial Committee's projects was to start on the restoration of Historic Barkerville and the area is now a provincial park. The former "Gold Capital of the World" will always remain a part of my living history.—MRS. ROBERTA K. COOK, BARKERVILLE, B.C.

★ Having spent the greatest part of my life in the Rocky Mountains, I enjoyed I was very interested in the articles by Marjorie Earl and Bruce Hutchison. Just to baffle Miss Earl a bit more, I want to tell her the Rockies extend from the Sierra Madre in northern Alaska, and have the Pacific Coast in far east as the Black Hills of South Dakota and Wyoming.—C. P. HOWELL, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Stopping traffic deaths

The article by Sidney Katz, Eight Ways to Stop Traffic Deaths (Feb. 28), is very full and complete. After over 30 years experience in the insurance business and studying this problem intensely, I am prepared to say that the way a person drives his car or truck is a matter of personal disposition. If we can agree as to the reason for the way various people choose to drive a car then we should be able to solve this problem.—T. J. T. WILLIAMS, TORONTO.

We're growing up

Maclean's has been going to my special English friends Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Greet of Bristol, England, for two years. Yesterday I received an unusual letter from them. "We do appreciate and enjoy this magazine very much. Maclean's seems really to have grown up from the rather feeble magazine as I remember it 30 years ago."—MISS ISABELLE PRITCHARD, TORONTO. ★

GILBEY'S GIN

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Cruising down the rivers with Maclean's



MACLENNAN



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NEWMAN



BODSWORTH

In the last year when he wasn't busy lecturing at McGill where he's an professor of English, he completing his latest book, Hugh MacLennan was off on an assignment from Maclean's, traveling along the country's chief waterways and discovering that each has its own personality and its own kind of drama and excitement. Readers may share his experiences and impressions in one new series, Rivers of Canada. His first article, The High and Mighty Mackenzie, starts on page 18.

To illustrate it, that noted painter of the Canadian scene, Franklin Arbuckle, followed MacLennan down the Mackenzie making sketches as he went. Arbuckle remembers, with gratitude, the hospitality of northerners like the Hudson Bay man at Aklavik, Ian McGhee, and his wife, Jean. Such will an accent you could cut with a knife." In Tuktoyaktuk, as he sketched them, two Eskimo boys photographed him.

In the unlikely event that you don't already know it, The Watch that Ends the Night, the novel MacLennan finished between lectures and over trips, has been getting loud applause from critics. His publishers, Macmillan's, brought out a third printing less than a month after the first.

The Fur Trader who Globetrotted on Nature, page 26, is from the first book by Peter C. Newman, one of our editors. It is to be published in September by Longmans, Green. It deals with businessmen who influenced the national development.

Fred Bodsworth, who wrote The Fenced and Fearsome Muskellunge (page 28) also has a book coming out in September. Called The Strange One of Barra, it will be published by Dodd, Mead, and is Bodsworth's second. His first, The Last of the Curlews, written while he was on the staff of Maclean's, looked on now as a classic of its kind and has been translated into a dozen languages. It brings him letters, mostly written in some language he can't read, from readers all over the world.

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Parade

What Simpson's doesn't tell Eaton's

A new Canadian who had mastered little English was hired by Eaton's downtown Toronto store. He was shown how to punch the time clock and told to take the tunnel to the basement of another building and there report to a salvage crew. He punched in and out regularly but when Personnel checked up later they were aghast to discover the new man was unknown to the salvage department. At five o'clock they ambushed him by



the time clock but he loudly protested his innocence and industry. Eagerly he led them through the tunnel to where he'd been working all week. Except that it was the wrong tunnel . . . the one that dives under Queen Street and takes you either to the subway station or into the basement of Simpson's, where Eaton's newest employee had been slaving for the competing store all week at Eaton's expense.

* * *

Vancouver boasts a husky garbage man who can heave cans with one hand. In fact, a Parade scout saw him doing it the other showery day while keeping the rain off with a dainty parasol held in his other hand.

* * *

Used-car ad in the Calgary Herald: "1950 2-door. A rugged car. Could also be used for target practice."

* * *

The Moncktons are still getting their mail under the oddest circumstances. When a Moncton man unloading a box car of grain saw a Masonic ring tumble to the ground he dutifully turned it over to a local RCMP officer and the force went to work. The box-car bill of lading showed the shipment's point of origin and when the ring was duly received by another RCMP officer in Coronation, Alta., he deduced the identity of the owner immediately. But the United Grain Growers local elevator operator still mutters his amazement every time he looks at a ring now restored to his finger.

Moving into their new suburban house an Ottawa family were annoyed to find no electrical outlet on the wall behind the kitchen console—particularly so when they learned that all neighboring houses had one. The contractor told them cheerfully the receptacle box was probably there all right, but plastered over, and suggested they hunt for it with a compass. They were inclined to scoff at this and didn't own a compass anyway—but doggoned if they didn't find one subsequently right in their own garden. It was a bit rusty, but it still worked . . . and it led them directly to the missing outlet. With no more exploring to do they sold the compass to a friend next day for what it cost them to fit a double plug to the receptacle.

* * *

We don't know which of four applicants got the job as water department accountant recently in Sydney, N.S., but we hope it was the silently honest fellow who concluded his application with "I want to point out that I do not get drunk very often."

* * *

A hostess in Sturgis, Sask., had been cleaning and baking all day to prepare for dinner company and had everything in readiness despite running interference from her small son and the family's large great Dane. The doorbell rang, she took off her apron and froze in horror as her four year-old son who had been helpfully squeezing up a bag of margarine mysteriously managed to burst the bag and shoot the yellow stuff all across the kitchen wall halfway to the ceiling. Tottering



only slightly she made it to the front door, welcomed her guests and hurried to apologize for the mess inside the open kitchen door. Then she froze a second time for there wasn't a flick of margarine to be seen—just the great Dane contentedly licking his chops.

* * *

A visitor to Winnipeg says she saw an elderly woman pushing an elderly man across Main Street in a wheel chair. When the chair got caught in the car tracks the visitor started out into the road to help. But the elderly gentleman promptly stepped out of the wheel chair, freed it from the tracks, helped the elderly lady into the chair and pushed her over the sidewalk and off down the street.

PARADE PAYS $5 TO $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.
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